

Nation's BUSINESS



MARCH 1950

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Nation's Business



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Here's something *you* might like to know—the facts and figures about New Jersey at the Crossroads of the East.

It's a *fast-reading digest*—reading time: 18 minutes—about New Jersey, the state which has so many advantages for so many types of industries. It will only take you a moment to read the facts about New Jersey's great markets . . . unexcelled transportation facilities . . . productive labor . . . diversified products . . . outstanding research facilities . . . and many other *plus* advantages, including exceptional opportunities for factory sites.

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ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

BORN in Seattle in 1904, NARD JONES has lived in the Pacific Northwest most of his life. But for the past five years he has been a resident of New York and believes himself to be the only living native far-westerner who views Manhattan as a good place to live as well as visit. However, whether east or west, Jones has been writing short stories and novels since his graduation from Whitman College in 1926. Since that time, he has been with the Miller Freeman Publications as an editor at various times of one or the other of their business magazines.



In World War II he was, he admits ruefully, a lieutenant commander. "But inasmuch as I could not run a destroyer, as a real lieutenant commander is supposed to do, I was made public relations officer for the Thirteenth Naval District and the Northwest Sea Frontier (Aleutians). I suppose that a good many newspaper and magazine men will be ready to testify that I ran that job much as I might a destroyer."

Jones' most recent novel is "The Island," a story of the war years in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, but he is perhaps best known for his two historical novels of the Columbia River, "Swift Flows the River" and "Scarlet Petticoat."

As for "A Salesman is Persistent" in this issue, Jones says he wrote it because he likes salesmen, which must mean he likes everybody because, he says, "Every man is a salesman and don't let him tell you differently."

A NEWCOMER to NATION'S BUSINESS, CLELAND VAN DRESSER is a former newspaperman who considers himself "half Yankee and half Florida Cracker" by virtue of the fact he was born in New York and has spent half of the past 20 years in the Peninsula State. After

17 years as a reporter and editor on papers in such cities as Washington, Los Angeles, Atlanta and Palm Beach, he decided recently to strike out on his own and do the things he wanted to do—make enough money as a writer to eat, live in Florida in the winter, hunt, fish and raise Airedales.

Though van Dresser is proud of his one-man interview with the late Henry Ford and of his part in breaking up a Maryland gambling ring during the war, he would rather talk about the out-of-doors. Given half a chance he will tell you about the time he shot ducks in Canada when he was only 13 or about the first sailfish he boated off Palm Beach. However, one of his favorite topics is his big Airedale, Mighty Michael, the dog who paid for his bride, Princess Patricia of Connaught—also an Airedale. Van Dresser sold an article about Michael to a magazine, then used the money to buy the Princess.

THOUGH he has been writing on and off since he was six or so, it wasn't until after he had sampled medicine (at Cornell University) and political science (at New York University) that **PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN** decided to make it his career. He claims never to have lived on a sailboat or interviewed the gatekeeper at the Taj Mahal, but he has had a few flings at gay literary adventure. There was the year he spent writing and directing one of the wildest of the prewar radio quiz shows, and more recently the six months on an exotic island in the Caribbean when he tried to turn out a novel.

"At the latter place," he reported, "everything was so ideal for writing—with coconuts plopping to the ground at appointed intervals, sunshine, blue-green seas and plenty of silence—that I had to return to my New York apartment to continue the book."

During the war Deutschman spent four years in the Army—mostly as a bomb-handler in the Air Force in Italy and North Africa and also as a *Yank* correspondent. The two years after that were spent as an associate editor of *Life*, and in May, 1947, he turned to free-lancing and is still going strong at it. What he likes best about his present occupation is the interesting people he meets—like "E. Lin Pan, the Laundryman."



Without beam strength—or, for that matter—without all of the strength factors listed below—no pipe laid 100 years ago in city streets would be in service today. But, in spite of the evolution of traffic from horse-drawn vehicles to heavy trucks and buses—and today's vast complexity of subway and underground utility services—cast iron gas and water mains, laid over a century ago, are serving in the streets of more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. Such service records prove that cast iron pipe combines all the strength factors of long life with ample margins of safety. No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

Strength factors of Long Life!

No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets

BEAM STRENGTH

When cast iron pipe is subjected to beam stress caused by soil settlement, or disturbance of soil by other utilities, or resting on an obstruction, tests prove that standard 6-inch cast iron pipe in 10-foot span sustains a load of 15,000 lbs.

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Now and then

STORE windows next month are going to give us all a chance to gloat. And in our newspapers and magazines and on the radio and television, we will get some more of the same good feeling.

Gloating is an American weakness, our critics tell us. Yet we have to accomplish things first before we indulge ourselves. The critics appear to overlook this premise.

All of which is by way of noting that, during the week of April 23-30, the stores will do a little comparing of things in 1950 with things as they were in 1900.

Sponsoring the campaign is the National Retail Dry Goods Association with active support from the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the Advertising Council and the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association. The slogan is "The Miracle of America Thrives on Progress."

Merchants will be patting themselves on the back but manufacturers will jump in, too, for the credit they rate. The social objectives will emphasize regular voting, church going, support of schools, knowledge of government and civic support.

All for one

"STRAINS of every race make up America, but the minority that is our real concern is the minority of one. If that one suffers indignities and discriminations, we are not betraying just one particular religion, race or color—we are betraying the great American idea."

That is how Herman W. Stein-kraus, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, expresses the philosophy that won him the 1950 National Citation for Brotherhood awarded by the National Conference of Christians and Jews for outstanding activities in promoting better human relations among the social, reli-

gious and national groups in American life.

The presentation took place Feb. 23 at a dinner in Hartford, Conn., as the climax of the Connecticut observance of Brotherhood Week. State industrial, business and welfare leaders took part with Gene Tunney, chairman of the National Committee for Community Organization of Brotherhood, as guest speaker.

Steinkraus, head of the Bridgeport Brass Company, is the fifth man to win the award.

Small business

LINCOLN FILENE, Boston merchant who recently received the medal award from the National Retail Dry Goods Association, was cited for his long record of achievement "not only in his chosen craft but also in educational and public affairs."

The president and board chairman of the Wm. Filene's Sons Co. celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday April 5. He is endowing a Chair of Retailing at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and believes thoroughly in the cause of the small business man.

"The only security for big business," he maintains, "is to see that small business thrives."

In this thought which he has backed up with hard cash for inquiry and crusading in recent years, he has a fellow believer in Dean Donald K. David of the Harvard School who attacks the self-protection of monopoly and restrictive trade practices.

"The birth rate of businesses in this country," argues the dean, "is just as important to us as the birth rate of babies."

Investment angle

IT IS NOW more than 20 years since the stock market crash of 1929—yet the memory lingers on. At least that is the interpretation

which must be placed on the soundings of public opinion about the buying of securities.

The University of Michigan survey made for the Federal Reserve Board showed 69 per cent of the family heads were lined up against holding common stocks. Of this number 34 per cent cited their ignorance of securities, 31 per cent gave no reason and 28 per cent checked off the line "not safe."

Prof. Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard agreed in a long-term forecast that Joe Citizen was correct about the risk element for people of modest means. He maintained that the investment trust, holding shares in well established enterprises, is the obvious answer and should achieve great importance in the next generation.

To this view can be added the comment of Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., New York exchange members, that the investment trust is also the answer to where pension fund money should go.

"If the investment company technique had not existed," this house suggests, "it would have to be invented to solve the problem of pension fund administration—that is, to put the money paid into pension funds into working partnership with the men and machines earning it."

FTC score

IT MIGHT be wise for the business man who scoffs at Federal Trade Commission charges to thumb through its annual report. There he will find that in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1949, the Commission lost only one decision in the high courts.

It was successful twice before the U. S. Supreme Court and six times in the federal courts of appeals. The FTC score of eight to one is therefore scarcely a smiling matter.

Although the Commission in the year under review placed greater emphasis on industry-wide elimination of unlawful practices and sought voluntary compliance, some 96 formal complaints were issued and 47 "cease and desist" orders proclaimed. Price fixing continued to be the most frequent charge under the monopoly law, and price discrimination under the Clayton Act.

The average business reaction to FTC (the business policeman) is uncomplimentary for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, the Commission's purpose, as set forth, is to protect the very system under which business men function,

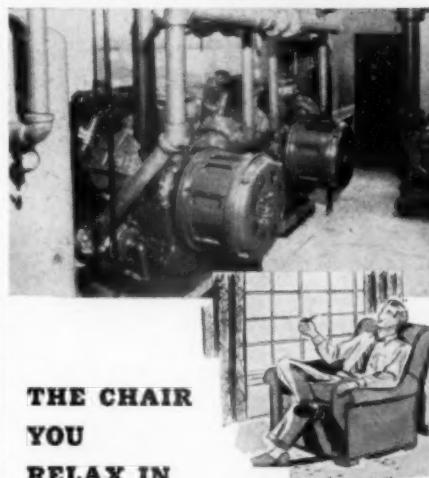


right down your alley
...you'll meet
GARDNER-DENVER



**THE STREET
YOU LIVE ON**

"Speedy" is the word for street repairs when crews are equipped with Gardner-Denver air tools. This Paving Breaker, for example, makes fast work of concrete demolition. Gardner-Denver Rock Drills, Clay Diggers, Backfill Tamers speed other steps of the job.



**THE CHAIR
YOU
RELAX IN**



**THE THEATER
YOU ENJOY**

The woodworking industry uses compressed air to make such furniture better, and at lower cost. With Gardner-Denver Air Compressors in the plant, there's plenty of low-cost air for clamping, sanding, paint spraying, etc.

Air-conditioned comfort must never fail. That's why many air-conditioning systems—as well as sprinkling systems, refineries, etc.—depend on rugged Gardner-Denver Centrifugal Pumps—like the one shown here.

AND IN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

—whether it's large or small—the chances are you can benefit through some application of Gardner-Denver compressors, pumps, rock drills or other pneumatic equipment. Let us give you complete information on Gardner-Denver installations in other plants in your field. And remember, every Gardner-Denver product is backed by our more than 90 years of manufacturing experience. Gardner-Denver Company, Quincy, Illinois.

SINCE 1859

GARDNER-DENVER

THE QUALITY LEADER IN COMPRESSORS, PUMPS AND ROCK DRILLS

You can hold your business to its aims

Every sound partnership or close corporation is an effective balance of human factors. The owners have agreed on aims and methods and pooled their capital and abilities for a common purpose.

Could the sudden death of one of the principals of your own business force liquidation or upset corporate earnings? Could the passing of ownership to untrained heirs or strangers change direction and plans?

You can plan now to hold your course through untimely events, with a *buy-and-sell* agreement between all the present owners. Your Penn Mutual Underwriter will gladly show you how to set up a self-completing sinking fund to implement the agreement.

Under the protection of this fund, the event that creates the NEED for cash will also create the CASH.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOUNDED IN 1847

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company
Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa. Dept. N-350

Gentlemen:

Please send me your free booklet, "Your Business," which tells visually the problems of interrupted ownership and illustrates the operations of *buy-and-sell* agreements.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



namely, "to foster the successful operation, in the public interest, of the American economic system of free competitive enterprise."

Clean water

HAD YOU happened to be on the banks of the Guadalupe River at Victoria, Texas, a while back, you would have wondered what was going on.

In one spot, several men were up to their hips in the stream sifting mud in boxes. "A gold strike, maybe?" you might guess. But here was another couple also in the water, working some kind of instrument with earphones. And still another member of the party removing things with a spoon from a waterlogged tree trunk and depositing them carefully in a bottle. Others flung butterfly and fish nets from mid-stream.

What was going on, you learned after your fruitless guessing, was a clinical study of the health of the river by a scientific team from the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The survey was made for du Pont which was building a new nylon salt plant on the river and wanted to be sure of doing no harm to the downstream shrimp, rice and fishing industries.

Proper waste disposal has already cost du Pont \$15,000,000 in a continuing program. This year industry as a whole in this country may spend better than \$1,000,000,000 on equipment for water control, according to engineers. Some of the big companies have designated "waste treatment" engineers on their staffs. Dow Chemical is one of these.

Several associations have hired experts for the same purpose. Joint industry-community financing for projects combining industrial and public waste is also a feature of the campaign to keep our water clear of pollution.

Capitalistic threat?

A TREND in capitalism that puts emphasis on salesmanship rather than production is changing the character of our system to its detriment. This was argued by B. S. Keirstead, professor of economics at McGill University, Montreal, Canada, before a recent meeting of the American Economic Association.

Professor Keirstead said more and more executives are being chosen from the ranks of the sales and advertising staff and fewer from the engineering and produc-

tion staff. Since this is so, more attention is paid to techniques for controlling the market and less on innovations in production techniques. Monopolistic conditions of one sort or another become the chief source of profits.

Those arguing against the professor's thesis doubtless would maintain that a good product plus keen salesmanship and advertising mean more and more of the product can be sold. With greater production made possible by greater sales, cost economies usually become possible that put product improvement by itself in the shade. In short, a good product without able sales and promotion help is just a good—and expensive—product.

Naming a mill

PACIFIC MILLS celebrates its hundredth birthday March 29, and is telling its story to commemorate the event in an engaging way in a series of monthly booklets.

The first cotton mill to use power-driven looms was the Boston Manufacturing Co., established at Waltham, Mass., in 1814. Francis Cabot Lowell was the pioneer. Associated with him were those legendary Yankees, Lyman, Appleton, Jackson and Lawrence. In 1822 the group launched the Merrimack Manufacturing Co. at Lowell, powered by water.

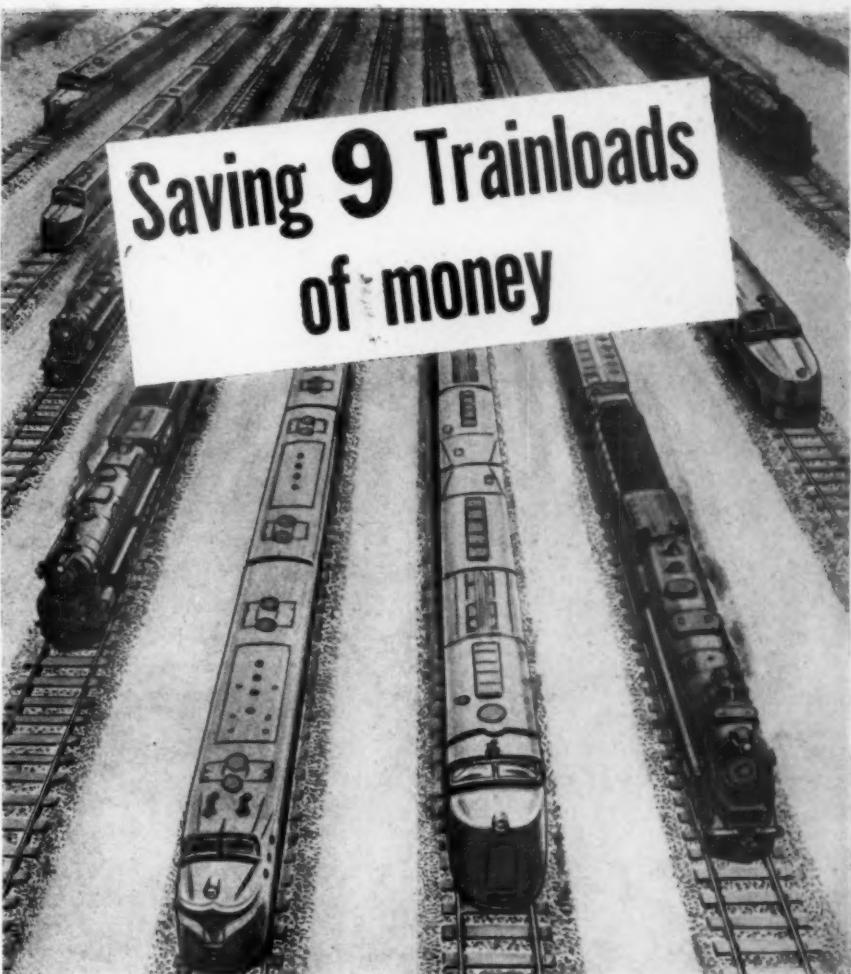
Abbott Lawrence, founder of Pacific, picked Bodwell's Falls for his dam and the city of Lawrence came into being. Indian names for mills was a fad of the day, but Jeremiah Young's suggestion was finally adopted for the first "integrated" mill to make everything in wool and cotton and mixtures. Mr. Young, afterwards first treasurer, said:

"The biggest thing in Lawrence right now is Atlantic Cotton Mills. We're going to be bigger. The only thing bigger than the Atlantic is the Pacific. Gentlemen, we have no alternative."

Business stabilizer?

MAYBE you will hear something one of these days about the Universal Discount or U. D. as a device for dealing with business cycles. J. G. Baker of the Baker Manufacturing Co., Evansville, Wis., offers it as a means of attaining "stability without socialism."

Baker would apply U. D. to all payments just as daylight saving is applied to clocks. The plus would rule at a given point when business is sliding downward, and the minus



Imagine a solid trainload of dollar bills, and you'll have a picture of how much a billion dollars is.

Now imagine 9 such trainloads of money, and you will have a picture of how much railroads saved last year as compared with what it would have cost to handle 1949 traffic, at present wage and price levels, had railroads operated at their 1921 level of efficiency. And you—the people of the United States—have received the benefit of these savings in rates much lower than they would otherwise have had to be.

Compared with even so recent a year as 1939, the saving through greater efficiency is more than 2½ billion dollars a year.

Ninety per cent of the cost of producing rail service is in man power and materials—and in 1949 the railroads paid \$2.25 for the same units of man power and materials which in 1921 cost only \$1.00. But even with such increases, rail-

roads produced freight and passenger service in 1949 for charges which averaged only 3 per cent higher than in 1921.

The big reason for these great gains in efficiency is the investment since 1921, of 17 billion dollars for such new railroad "tools" as Diesel Locomotives and centralized traffic control, which were unknown in 1921, as well as for improved tracks and terminals and signal systems, new and better cars, and for improved maintenance and repair facilities.

Each of these improvements resulted in savings which were cumulative year after year, and led in turn to other improvements. Each gave the public better service, and each helped to keep charges for railroad transportation down.

The same skill, ingenuity and determination which saved these billions are still at work on the railroads, striving to provide better service with greater efficiency.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.



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on a rise, according to a set formula. While Baker admits that the common reaction of economists to his scheme is one of skepticism, he has failed so far, he says, to get a rational objection. The essence of his plan is a frontal assault on "adverse variation in hoarding." Postponed buying is curbed on the dip and overbuying on the rise.

The rate of change in business governs the correction and not the level as in the Committee for Economic Development proposals. Moreover, the formula and not the judgment of a person or a group is what introduces the automatic stabilizer.

Some authorities today are inclined to believe, however, that we have shock absorbers in price supports, security regulation, bank protection, real estate financing, unemployment insurance, social security, etc., that will smooth out future cycles. They hold there will not be the wide swings of the past.

Ask for ox

WE WONDER how it all came out. Vermont Animal Research Inc. intended last December to ask the Canadian government for permission to import musk ox.

The musk ox is an animal that needs no barn, forages for itself in winter and provides quality meat and an abundance of fine wool. Quite an economical animal.

Why good Yankees are discovering the musk ox at this late date is a question, of course. And why its domain is Canada and not Scotland. And why, again, the thrifty Canadians should give up such obliging beasts.



"Oh, dear! Daddy is having one of those days!"

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

►MUCH TALK, little action.

That's what you can expect from Congress this year. It's a typical election-year session.

There will be terrific fuss about economy—but little economy. President's budget won't be slashed.

Here's outlook gathered in talks with members, studies of line-ups:

Excise taxes—Some cuts, but amounts won't equal wartime increases. Will come in April at the earliest, despite growing pressure.

Cut will be balanced in part by plugging loopholes elsewhere in tax structure.

Note President's language concerning excise taxes. He said he could "not approve" cuts not balanced by rises.

But he did not say he would veto them. So he could let unbalanced cuts become effective without his signature.

Social Security—New law will be adopted adding 11,000,000 persons to coverage, increasing over-all benefits about 50 per cent.

Selective service—Will expire unless serious war scare develops.

Rent control—will expire.

Antimonopoly—Slight revision in present law probable.

Brannan plan—No action.

Hoover reform—Action unlikely.

Federal aid to education—Compromise limiting aid to construction programs is probable.

Valley authorities—No action.

Taft-Hartley—No action.

Socialized medicine—Will be rejected, but some splinter issues (such as nurses' training) may be adopted.

Point Four (aid to underdeveloped countries)—Technical-assistance section will be approved, investment guarantees rejected.

FEPC—Will die in Senate filibuster.

►BRIGHT NEW WORLD DEPT., Graphs & Charts Div.—

In his state of the union message President Truman said that by the year 2000 U. S. should have a gross national product four times the present annual rate of \$255,000,000,000.

Pondering that, an economist plotted growth of national product on a logarithmic chart.

Using the last half century's growth

as his basis, he projected national product to the year 2000, found it hit not only the trillion foreseen by President Truman—it passed that and reached the two-trillion mark.

Then, using the same basis, same chart, he projected federal receipts (taxes). These met and crossed the national product line at the year 1990.

From then on—at present rate of growth—taxes exceeded national product in an ever-widening span.

►YOU'LL SEE YOUR bookkeeper soon—about income taxes.

Be a good idea to keep him around for a week—or if he's too tax-busy just now, make an appointment to bring him back.

Your bookkeeping, as well as other business practices, may have fallen to an "anything goes" level in recent lush years.

Make sure your records are an accurate reflection of your business.

In today's increasing competition more than ever you need books that serve as a guide as well as a record.

Go over them with your accountant item by item.

It's possible that dead, worthless goods in your inventory show up on your statement as a profit.

If cash in the bank doesn't match your statement—it seldom does—find out why.

Difference probably is in inventory change.

How about rent? If you're in your own building but not charging off adequate depreciation, your statement may be reflecting a real-estate loss as a profit. In that case you're kidding yourself.

If your books are kept by an accounting firm that keeps books for other similar businesses, ask your accountant how your labor, other costs compare.

He can tell you where yours are high, suggest ways of adjusting them.

Make sure your monthly statement is set up to warn you of rising costs.

These make first claim on that narrow band of your gross income you hope will be profit.

Profits of many smaller business men in 1950 will be what they succeed in squeezing out of costs.

Note: When you go to the bank for a loan a good set of books may be the dif-

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

ference between getting it—and getting turned down.

► EVERYONE WANTS good business.

Government policy is to maintain rising economy, high level of industrial prosperity.

Business men, farmers share same aim. That was true, too, in spring of 1937 when U. S. was accelerating its long pull out of deep depression.

Then something happened. Confidence was lost. In less than a year—

Industrial production dropped by one-third. That meant locking factory doors.

Carloadings took same drop. Values of industrial stocks were slashed in half.

Corporation profits after taxes dropped from annual rate of \$6,000,000,000 to \$4,000,000,000.

Even exports slid off by a third.

What had happened? Economists' opinions vary.

This peek at the past is not intended to suggest similarity between 1937-38 and the present, nor to forecast a repeat performance.

It's recalled to remind you that when it comes, it comes fast. And the arguments about the cause come afterward.

► DON'T OVERLOOK the world's biggest customer—the U. S. Government.

Each year it buys more than \$6,000,-000,000 worth of new materials, supplies, equipment. A piece of it might be your profit this year.

If you are a manufacturer or a regular dealer you are eligible to bid for this business.

If you can't supply the lot specified you can bid on any part of it, depending on your capacity.

If you don't win a contract you can study the award, measure your competition. It's public record.

Or you can deal with the winner for a subcontract.

Manufacture department of U. S. Chamber of Commerce has prepared booklet to guide business men in dealing with federal buying agencies. Tells you how to go about it. Suggests what not to do.

For your copy send 50 cents to NATION'S BUSINESS, Washington 6, D. C. Ask for "Selling to the Government." Booklet will be ready in week or two.

► POTATO PROBLEM you've been reading about is oblique blast in administration campaign to put over Brannan plan.

Agriculture Department has been dumping surpluses—quietly—for years.

But now Secretary Brannan asks Congress for "guidance" in getting rid of 50,000,000 bushels of potatoes Government has acquired to support prices.

So public attention is centered on potato waste.

It's the horrible-example technique, intended to show that it's time to try Brannan plan.

Agriculture watches carefully for other horrible examples of present program.

It may dump eggs, lard, possibly pork and turkeys, for same public effect.

Potato problem is prime example of difficulties encountered in control.

If you understand what happened to potatoes you can see what will happen to corn, cotton, wheat, other surpluses.

After 1948 surplus Agriculture Department cut Maine potato acreage 44,000 acres, or 23 per cent.

So farmers abandoned their least productive land. On their best they planted seeds and rows closer together, upped fertilizer and cultivation—and increased yield per acre 17 per cent.

Even Agriculture's slash of support level from 90 to 60 per cent of parity failed to discourage production for a government-guaranteed market.

► IF YOU DO BUSINESS with farmers you'll have to be prepared to extend more credit than any time in past 10 years.

Here's an indication of what's happening in farm market—

Annual report of Deere & Company, farm-equipment makers, shows rise in notes and accounts receivable from \$47,582,855 to \$89,695,881 in one year.

Officials attribute this rise to sales on credit, forecast further rise in their accounts receivable.

► GOVERNMENT'S CONSUMERS' price index can remain steady while your own prices are going to pot. Here's how:

Distortions develop as prices underlying index change.

For example: Rising rent balances lowering food, clothing prices.

Rents long held down by artificial controls are due for a steady rise.

But rent accounts for 12½ per cent in Bureau of Labor Statistics index whether they are relatively high or low.

Other classifications, their weights in the index, are: apparel, 12.4; food,

40.6; fuel, electricity and refrigeration, 5.1; house furnishings, 4.7; and miscellaneous goods and services, 24.7.

Another statistical shortcoming: Index must be average of prices relative to some previous average.

But this comparison fails, or lags in consideration of changes in buying habits, new products.

Example: Television.

► ONE PRICE CUT you are getting—but may not notice—is rising quality.

Clothing buyers, particularly in women's and children's lines, find little change in price tags, but distinct rise in quality.

Better materials, more handwork are stressed by manufacturers.

► ECHO OF A ringing cash register lingers long after the button is pushed. Gross national product fell off about \$20,000,000,000 in 1920-21 slide, while personal-consumption expenditures dropped half that.

Again in 1937 recession, gross national product slid twice as far as personal-consumption purchases.

So don't watch store sales as an accurate indicator of the times.

► DEPARTMENT STORES are finding that breaking even with last year's sales volume means sharply lower profits.

That's because of lower prices. To break even stores must handle more units. And handling units costs money.

To maintain profits at lower prices you have to lower costs.

► LOOK FOR FUTURE steel-manufacturing development on Gulf and East Coasts.

U. S. Steel already has acquired 3,800 acres on banks of Delaware River near Trenton, N. J., for a new integrated steel mill.

Back of that move is discovery of huge deposits of extremely high-grade iron ore in Venezuela.

U. S. Steel has 18 100-year concessions in the newly discovered field.

In addition Steel has six 40-year concessions in same general area.

High-grade ore from this rich zone will move by water to new Trenton plant.

Since U. S. Steel sells ore as well as steel, new development in steel-making capacity probably will take place on tidewater to take advantage of water-delivered ore.

► SO YOU'VE ALWAYS wanted to tell the Government what you think of its policies toward business?

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

Well, here's your chance. You'll find the Government in a listening mood.

President's Committee on Business and Government Relations, led by Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, is trying to get your ideas on monopoly, restraint of trade, unfair competition, other business-regulatory policies.

You'll find list of questions committee would like to have you answer on page 66.

Look them over. Answer them promptly. Opinions are being gathered from labor unions, farm organizations, consumer groups, as well as from business men.

Committee will study answers before developing administration program.

So let's see that business men are well represented in this consensus.

Address reply to Secretary of Commerce, Room 6427, Washington 25, D. C.

We'd like a copy of your views and ideas. We'd like to compare policies of NATION'S BUSINESS readers with those of Committee's cross section.

Just address copy to NATION'S BUSINESS, Washington 6, D. C. Your identity will not be disclosed, either by President's Committee or by NATION'S BUSINESS.

► BRIEFS: What's happened to those industrial-expansion plans shelved because of high building costs? Administration thinks they'll come off shelf, bolster capital-investment building soon as management is convinced costs won't drop....Rubber manufacturers are out to beat Truman plan to extend synthetic-rubber industry controls, including mandatory use, for another 10 years....Congress probably will appropriate \$30,000,000 for jet-air-transport development despite Budget Bureau's rejection of project....Sales reports, housing starts exceeding last year's cause construction men to up their 1950 forecasts. Current thinking: At least 900,000 units. Compares with slightly more than 1,000,000 last year....H-bomb brings new industry-dispersal problem. Defense chiefs ponder whether to seek widespread dispersal—or forget the whole thing....While the mighty Mo was hauled off a sand bar the band played "Anchors Aweigh," "Missouri Waltz," AND "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

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The State of the Nation

IT was hot and humid in Philadelphia, on Thursday, Aug. 23, 1787. There was no air conditioning then, and neither the style nor the material of masculine clothing was conducive to midsummer comfort. But it was relatively cool in the white-paneled, high-ceilinged council chamber of Independence Hall. And there, through the long afternoon, a little group of men dispassionately discussed the issue which today underlies the entire muddle of our foreign policy.

The Federal Convention, summoned to draft a Constitution for the United States, was first called to order by George Washington on May 14. The task was enormous and it took the delegates exactly 100 days to reach the problem of international agreements. What procedure should the American republic follow in making these? What American authority should have the power to make these arrangements with other governments, remembering always that the provisions of a treaty, once in force, would take precedence over any and all acts of Congress?

At first the idea was that the Senate alone should write all our treaties, and appoint all our ambassadors to other countries. There was strong opposition among the founding fathers to giving the President absolute control over the foreign policy of the United States. They sought to make impossible the centralized direction later applied by Roosevelt and now indorsed by Truman.



Felix Morley

As the name chosen for the country itself implied, the new government was to be one of "united states." Therefore—logically—the relations of this government with other governments should be conducted by the body which was representative of the separate states as states, i.e., the Senate. On Aug. 23, 1787, the draft of the Constitution before the Convention said: "The Senate of the United States shall have power to make treaties, and to appoint ambassadors . . ."

There was, however, much reasonable objection to this plan. Alexander Hamilton, the great centralizer, regarded the treaty-making power as primarily an executive function. His draft Constitution provided that: "All treaties, conventions, and agreements with foreign nations shall be made by him, [the President], by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." James Madison, as he tells us in his notes of the discussion on Aug. 23, also believed it "proper that the President should be an agent in treaties." Gouverneur Morris, on the other hand, said that if the President was to have the power to make arrangements with other governments, the provisions must not be regarded as binding until ratified by Congress. Others spoke to the same point. Nathaniel Gorham of Massachusetts sounded a warning to which the case of Alger Hiss gives a timely ring: "In such a government as ours, it

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is necessary to guard against the government itself being seduced."

The issue was posed, but no solution was reached, on Aug. 23. Indeed the present wording was not approved by the Convention until the session of Sept. 8, 1787,

and then only after a long argument of which the heat is still perceptible through the time-stained pages of the records. Eventually, however, the delegates agreed to the language now found in Section 2 of Article II of the Constitution:

The President . . . shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the senators present concur; . . .

• • •

It was not enough, however, for the men who drafted the Constitution to agree that the treaty-making power should be shared between the President and the legislative organ designed to represent the states. The plan had also to meet the approval of the state conventions elected for the sole purpose of accepting, or rejecting, the fundamental law of the republic. And it was to meet the criticism directed against the treaty-making-provision that Hamilton wrote No. 75 of the famous *Federalist* papers. He begins:

Though this provision has been assailed, on different grounds, with no small degree of vehemence, I scruple not to declare my firm persuasion, that it is one of the best digested and most unexceptionable parts of the plan. [i.e., the Constitution as a whole.]

Now that this "two-thirds rule" is again, as so often in our history, a matter of debate it is illuminating to reread the *Federalist* essay in which Hamilton puts the case for this constitutional provision. Particularly interesting is his conclusion that "it would be utterly unsafe and improper to entrust that [treaty-making] power" to the President alone. In general, Hamilton was eager to enlarge the executive function in the interest of a strong central government. But he considered it essential to have international agreements reviewed by the Senate before—not after—these "contracts with foreign nations" become binding. In Hamilton's words:

The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States.

Today, in the light of the troubles that have sprung from President Roosevelt's wartime ex-

cutive agreements, this solemn warning by Alexander Hamilton acquires a prescient quality.

The rotten fruits of the Cairo, Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam agreements are now offensively apparent to the most casual newspaper reader or radio listener. From the American viewpoint all these executive arrangements are fundamentally illegal, for none of them has been incorporated into treaties, in which the Senate must concur before they have binding force. Nevertheless from the Soviet viewpoint, the concessions made by Mr. Roosevelt and his personal entourage are regarded as final.

This does not mean, however, that our disillusioned people are utterly helpless in their present humiliation. From a review of the circumstances we can learn just how and why we blundered. Our fault was to ignore not only the letter but even more the spirit of the Constitution.

• • •

The congressional debate over the Chinese debacle is gradually making this clear. At first somewhat muddy and confused, because of the very magnitude of the tragedy, the discussion is steadily tending to focus more definitely on the constitutional implications. If these are clarified and emphasized there may be some permanent gain for us, if not for China, in the tragedy.

The issue was first sharply posed by Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan in his notable Senate speech of Jan. 17. Ferguson was replying to the statement on Formosa made by the Secretary of State a fortnight earlier. In this Acheson explained the position of President Truman as refusing "to quibble on any lawyers' words" as to the legal status of Formosa prior to Senate ratification of a peace treaty with Japan. The phrase was unhappy, because the "lawyers' words," so slightly referred to, are those which were most carefully selected to establish a permanent principle of our political system. Those "lawyers' words," are part of the Constitution.

So it was natural that from the Senate, whose prerogative is jeopardized in this matter, would come the lead in fundamental criticism of an unconstitutional foreign policy. If "authority over Formosa has passed completely to the Chinese," said Senator Ferguson, that would justify the President's "hands off policy." But equally:

If that be true this country has been guilty of a serious offense against international law, which requires territorial transfers to be confirmed by treaty, and the executive department has been guilty of an unpardonable offense against our constitutional processes, which require the Senate to ratify treaties.

Those words were in the best tradition of the Senate. They recall the defiance flung at Pres. Andrew Jackson, when Calhoun said: "I as a senator may judge him; he can never judge me!"

—FELIX MORLEY

The Month's Business Highlights

STRONG factors in the economy continue to outweigh by far the weak factors. Building and automobiles are the most important two sources of strength. There are enough projects now in the blueprint stage to keep the construction industry going at capacity throughout 1950. Furniture and household appliances that might have sagged are being buoyed by instalment credit.

As first-quarter developments have unfolded most observers are taking the view that all of 1950 will be a good year. Few doubts were expressed about the first half of the year, but year-end forecasts showed lack of confidence in what might develop in the last half. The retreat from the latter position is now general. The most important single factor in the maintenance of prosperity is consumer buying. Since there was little decline in consumer expenditures during the 1949 readjustment it is believed that such expenditures are likely to increase in 1950 with its more promising outlook. Consumers continue to enjoy a high level of income. They have a large volume of liquid assets at their disposal. There is no reason to expect a decrease in their total expenditures.

Business is affected by foreign policy as well as by other factors outside the purely economic sphere. What is ahead for business during the remaining three quarters of 1950 will depend to no small extent on developments abroad. Increasing progress is being made by the Marshall plan countries which more than offsets the deterioration of the position of the United States in Asia.

Those who have to deal with world problems today need all the understanding support they can get because their task calls for superhuman effort. It probably is harder for the Secretary of State to sleep at night than for any other man in the country.

Pressure on farm prices will continue during 1950, as will the corresponding squeeze on farmers' profit margins. Areas that are more dependent on agriculture will not do as well as those which get their chief stimulation from industry.

Chester Davis, one of the stalwarts of early New Deal days, warns against trying to set agricultural prices above a point at which the market



Paul Wooton

will clear itself in a reasonable length of time. Otherwise unmanageable surpluses are created along with strict acreage and marketing controls and eventually there will be very severe readjustments.

Current parity relationship is less favorable to farmers than at any other time in the past eight years, but it still is 15 to 50 per cent better than the relationship in the '30's. The decline in farm income is being reflected in the increasing spread between retail sales

in rural areas as contrasted with those in large cities. Demand in urban centers has been particularly strong for men's clothing, furniture, household appliances, and for television sets. Sales of automobiles promise to hold up well in both rural and urban areas.

After all there have been four years in which production and prices in most countries of the world have been high in comparison with prewar. In the United States the total output of goods and services for the four years averaged \$240,000,000,000, which is in decided contrast with the 1939 total of \$91,000,000,000—and 1939 was then considered a good year. The 1949 total of \$256,000,000,000 was only five per cent under the 1948 peak. Employment was one third higher than prewar. In the four years personal incomes have gone up steadily. Industrial production is materially higher than it was four years ago. Prices of common stocks constitute the one item that is lower than in the beginning of 1946, and they have had a steep climb from the lows of mid-1949. Production of textiles, cement, lumber, and steel finished the four years at a higher level. Coal was the one basic commodity exception. The Federal Reserve has put out an original study of shipments and consumption of steel products for 1947, 1948, and 1949, to the four largest consuming industries. It presents interesting facts as to production and inventory changes during those three active years.

In any appraisal of the business situation consideration must be given the state of the banking industry. It is the woof which runs



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through the entire economy. There is every evidence that bankers are meeting their obligations to business, to agriculture, and to their communities. The amount of bank credit outstanding is at a high level. This has been made possible by cooperative action by the Federal Reserve. Bankers not only are consulted constantly by Reserve officials, but have direct representation in the make-up of the system. This is an unusual privilege. The railroads have no representative on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The electric utilities have no representative on the Federal Power Commission. It is true that directors of member banks make no final decisions, but it is obvious that a central bank cannot be run by private interests. If it were it soon would go the way of the Bank of England.

Even if Congress does nothing with it, the report from the Joint Committee on the Economic Report will make the Treasury more cautious in attempts to influence Federal Reserve policy. The committee thinks the Federal Reserve should handle the supply, the availability, and the cost of money with a sole eye on business stability without regard to the cost of money to any particular borrower. Prevention of inflationary credit is of more importance to the country than is the maintenance of government securities at any fixed price level, or the saving of interest charges to the Treasury.

Demand for improvement in the country's banking and monetary structure has become pronounced. No full-scale review of the banking system and of monetary policy has been had for 40 years. The need for a more intensive study of those problems has been emphasized by the investigation made by the Joint Committee on the Economic Report. The suggestion is that a commission be set up that could take the time, and that would have the resources and the authority required to make a calm and impartial study of the matter. It is proposed that the membership of the commission, in addition to its congressional members, include specially qualified persons from the outside.

An encouraging aspect of the business situation is the remarkable vitality of small businesses established since the war. The rate of failures is only half that of the period between the wars. In view of the fact that in the postwar period more than 2,500,000 new businesses have been set up, the record is notable. Even the recession of a year

ago failed to mow them down, as some had predicted. Much credit in this connection is being given the lending authorities, public and private, for the judgment they have used in extending credit. Loans have been restricted in most cases to those who have had practical experience, or to those who were willing to acquire preliminary training before embarking on business ventures. The wisdom of that policy previously has been demonstrated by land bank and agricultural authorities in connection with loans for farming enterprises.

• • •
An interesting feature of last year's "prosperous recession" was the negligible drop in wages and salaries, in the earnings of property, and in the total of consumer spending.

• • •
The President's tax message has made no profound impression. Ever since taxes were reduced by the Eightieth Congress the President has been highly critical of that action, yet he made no effort to explain why he did not suggest the reimposition of those taxes. Since there is little prospect of obtaining the votes necessary to pass a separate bill reducing excise taxes over a veto, relief apparently will have to await the time-consuming consideration of legislation providing the revenue necessary to offset the loss. It was a typical election year message—soak the corporations, the old stuff about estate and gift taxes, and pious statements about loopholes, but leaving loopholes so politicians will not have to take a stand on hot issues. Some doubt is being expressed as to the possibility of passing any tax bill at this session of Congress.

Discussion of the basing-point bill brought out that there are divergent theories as to what is fair competition. It was revealed that Attorney General McGrath is a champion of tough competition. Most of the staff of the Federal Trade Commission believes in soft competition, but, with Commissioner Lowell Mason in violent disagreement, a choice between the conflicting theories cannot be long deferred.

• • •
Consumer credit outstanding is rising sharply and now equals ten per cent of total personal income. Collection ratios are holding up well, however.

• • •
Little legislation that will have an important bearing on business may be expected at this session of Congress. The administration is confident it is insured the support of a majority of the voters and would rather develop issues than have accomplishments.
—PAUL WOOTON

Washington Scenes

THE DEMAGOGUES CLUB, which flourished on Capitol Hill in early New Deal days, has disappeared. Apparently, nobody had the nerve to belong to it any more. This might be taken, although not too seriously, as a favorable straw in the wind where federal economy is concerned.

Back in the 1930's, the Demagogues Club was quite an institution. Its hilarious sessions were held in the Democratic cloakroom, just off the House chamber. Former Rep. Martin Dies of Texas, a playful fellow when he wasn't hunting communists, was head of the club, and the roster of members included Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In the mock initiation ceremony, a new member would have to subscribe to these obligations, among others:

"I solemnly promise to favor all appropriation bills and to oppose every tax bill.

"I solemnly promise not to do anything knowingly that would tend to prevent my re-election."

Doubtless this still seems like a pretty good platform to some senators and representatives. However, not many would be so brazen as to admit it. Today, a Demagogues Club would not seem nearly as funny as it did 15 years ago.

The fact is that, with the Treasury running in the red and the Government saddled with a stupendous debt, more and more Democrats are lining up with the Republicans in an effort to curb federal spending. Sen. Herbert O'Conor of Maryland is demanding a cut in the army of government workers. Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, a Fair Dealer, wants Congress to "help" President Truman save \$3,000,000,000. Backing up the economy bloc is Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, formerly Mr. Truman's No. 1 economic adviser, who says there must be a deferment of many welfare programs if the Government is to "get back to black ink."

* * *

That is one encouraging aspect of the fiscal picture; another is the growing volume of letters received by members of Congress. These letters come from men and women who are seriously concerned over the spectacle of a Government continuing to spend more than it is taking in, and this in a time of prosperity.

It must be reported, however, that there are also unfavorable factors in the situation.



Edward T. Folliard

For example, there is as yet no evidence that the average American is much wrought up over the Treasury's position. He is troubled, surely, as might be expected of a citizen possessed of horse sense; but it could hardly be said that he is in a throw-the-rascals-out frame of mind. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that he was more alarmed 18 or 19 years ago, when the national debt was less than one tenth of what it is today.

Herbert Hoover was in the White House then, and it was the Democrats who were yelling about deficit financing. On the one hand they were demanding that the Republican administration do something for the needy, and on the other that they balance the budget. Meantime, they were giving the voters a terrifying picture of what would happen if the Government continued to operate in the red.

How the Democrats promised in their 1932 platform to cut federal expenses 25 per cent, how FDR junked that plank and started the Government on a spending spree, and how the Republicans have been making an "issue" of it in election after election ever since—all that is familiar political history.

A pertinent question now is: Why isn't the average American more excited over the deficit and the debt?

It could be that he has become confused, and also dubious, after years of listening to warnings of disaster. Somewhere along the line he may have started to wonder about the more vehement apostles of economy, and asked himself if they really knew what they were talking about. He probably remembers that at one stage they told him that the United States would almost certainly go bankrupt if the national debt ever went beyond \$50,000,000,000.

In short, it would appear that the average American doesn't scare as easily as he once did when contemplating Uncle Sam's unbalanced accounts.

The attitude of the midwestern farm belt is especially puzzling to economy advocates. Except in hard times, when a latent radicalism might break out, that section once could be de-



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pended upon to back up a conservative fiscal policy in Washington. Today, however, politicians are no longer sure that the farm belt is economy-minded.

The doubt arises from what happened in 1948, when vast numbers of farmers in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota left the G.O.P. to vote for Mr. Truman and Democratic candidates for Congress. One reason for their desertion was the charge, repeated over and over by Democratic orators, that the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress had practiced meat-ax economy at the expense of the farmers. This argument was especially effective among corn farmers. Faced with a bumper crop, they were aroused by Democratic charges that the Republicans were to blame for lack of storage facilities.

Balancing all the factors in the fiscal situation, it probably is safe to say that Congress now is more earnestly concerned about federal spending than any Democratic-controlled Congress in 17 years. Still, even granting that, it cannot yet be said with any certainty that really important savings will be achieved at this session.

The Republicans believe that economy in government is their best issue for 1950, maybe their only issue, and they are going to town on it. Their reasoning is that the American people will throw over the Fair Deal when they get tired of paying for it, or when they really start worrying over what it will cost their children and grandchildren to pay for it.

• • •

Capital Splinters: The Duke of Windsor, who used to be known as the Empire's greatest salesman when he was a globe-trotting young Prince of Wales, has not forgotten the role. Leaving the White House recently, he posed for pictures standing alongside a British Embassy limousine. "A good advertisement for the Rolls, eh?" he quipped. Incidentally, he pronounced it ad-vertis-ment. . . . The Duke always gets a hearty welcome at the White House, partly because of something that happened 32 years ago. As an officer of the British Army and heir to the throne, he accompanied Gen. John J. Pershing on an inspection tour in France. In one of the AEF divisions they reviewed was an obscure artilleryman, Capt. Harry S. Truman of Battery D.

Big Government means a big Washington, D.C. The city is in the midst of its greatest building boom, and for good reason. Its population—that is, the population of what is called Greater Washington—now is estimated at 1,500,000. Ten years ago it was 968,000. If this estimated 65 per cent

increase is confirmed by the actual census count, Washington will move past Baltimore and Cleveland and sorank tenth among the country's metropolitan areas. There is a chance that it will also pass San Francisco and St. Louis and rank as high as eighth.

Sen. Glen Taylor of Idaho, who comes up for re-election this year, is becoming more and more of a "regular" Democrat. In his biographical sketch in the *Congressional Directory*, he makes no mention of the fact that he was Henry Wallace's running mate on the Progressive party ticket in 1948.

Attorneys here predict that Clark Clifford, who resigned as counsel to the President to open a Washington law office, will make a fortune. Clifford says that he will do no lobbying. . . . Vice President Barkley, friends agree, looks ten years younger since he became a bridegroom at 72. . . . The most remarkable of the oldsters hereabouts is Rep. Robert L. Doughton, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. He no longer gives his age in the *Congressional Directory*, but he is in his 80's. He can outwalk and outwork colleagues half his age. Fittingly, his home town is Sparta, N.C.

Republican party workers, technicians who must think of the country as a whole, wish that Herbert Hoover and Senator Taft had not proposed that the United States use its naval forces to save Formosa from the communists. They are convinced that the Hoover-Taft proposal did not encounter much popular support. The man in the street, they say, is opposed to any American action in Formosa that might lead to shooting.

Speaking of Senator Taft, some Democratic strategists fear that organized labor will overplay its hand in trying to defeat him for re-election. In this connection, Bill Boyle, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has asked representatives of labor to operate in Ohio as Democrats, not as agents of the AFL or CIO. . . . It is well-known that President Truman is opposed to almost everything that Taft stands for, and vice versa. Nevertheless, the two men are extremely cordial when they meet at the Capitol or at banquets.

A newspaperman, who happened to be standing nearby while the President and the senator were conversing one day, reported afterward that the topic was living conditions in the White House. Taft, of course, would know something about that, having lived there when his father was President. . . . The story persists that the Democrats would like to see Taft win another term in the Senate this year, hoping that it would mean a Truman-Taft battle for the Presidency in '52. It would seem to be bunk. At any rate, high Democratic officials deny it, not only publicly but privately.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



PHOTOS BY EDWARD BURKE

Justice Opens Her Doors

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE lawyer reference plan may be the answer to justice for more people

TWO LAWYERS were having lunch together in an eastern seaboard city. One of them asked the other if he had recently seen Katie Andrews, a girl they had both known in high school.

"Not in years."

"Well, I saw her today. She's clerking in the five and ten. Katie looked shabby and tired, and is getting old."

His friend was incredulous. The Andrews family hadn't been wealthy, he pointed out, but they owned a comfortable house over on

Chestnut Ridge. And Katie was her father's particular darling. Surely he would have provided for her, at least to the extent of the house. The first lawyer sighed.

"It's just another of those cases," he said. "Katie got the house all right, or thought she did. But you remember that there were four other children. Old Andrews didn't consult a lawyer when he made what he imagined was his will. He merely scribbled on a piece of paper that his daughter was to have the house, free and clear, and signed it 'Father.' When he died the other kids, who had always been a little jealous of Katie, said the will wasn't any good and the courts upheld them, of course. The girl got only a fifth interest when the house was sold and had spent most

To no part of their code of ethics do lawyers hold more rigidly than the relationship of confidence with clients. Thus clients' names in this article are fictitious and in some instances the locale has been disguised. But the facts are true.

—THE EDITOR



Stuart H. Mason bids good-by to one of the plan's many clients

of that—too late—trying to get the will probated."

Similar misfortunes are suffered daily in every city in the land. People think that lawyers exist only to defend them in the remote possibility that they are accused of crime. Or, in far too many instances, they simply distrust lawyers.

"If you win he'll take most of your money; all of it if you lose," is unfortunately deeply imbedded in the American credo. So we make our wills on blanks purchased at a stationery store or print shop, sign contracts and leases without reading them.

The members of the bar must accept some of the responsibility for these conditions, always costly and sometimes tragic. They have surrounded their profession with a mumbo-jumbo of mystery and technicalities. John Citizen is confused by the legal language and all the rest of it. If he consults a lawyer he is bewildered by such phrases as "the afore-mentioned party of the second part, to wit, does hereby warrant, affirm and guarantee that the said vendor.

..." So John stays away, often to his ultimate profound regret.

Let's jump to a city in the middle west. Jim Danford went into the haberdashery business. Things were not going well at the end of the first year and he confided as much one night to a fellow lodge member.

"I guess I'll fold up, Bill," he said.

"Don't do that," Bill argued. "Any kind of store is tough going the first year. Look, Jim, I believe in you. You say you need about \$3,000 to get out of the red. I've got that much in the savings bank and I'll be glad to lend it to you. I tell you what. You agree to pay me part of next year's profits. That makes it a business proposition."

It was bad business. The store failed to make money. Instead, the losses increased. Bill was astounded when he was told that he must share responsibility for the debts. Without knowing it, he had entered into a partnership with Jim.

Lawyers have been aware for many years that poor people need their help and they have done something about it. Legal aid societies operate in most cities. At-

torneys give generously of their time to them, in the same way that doctors contribute their skill to public clinics. Yet for all the good they do, the legal aid offices are of small use to independent, self-reliant people of the working, middle and professional classes. Legal aid is often supported by the community chest. It smacks of charity.

But now the bar is beginning to do something about men and women of moderate means. A lawyer reference plan, as the idea usually is called, has been set up in 31 cities, and the number undoubtedly will grow during the coming year. Lawyers familiar with this device for providing competent legal service to the middle classes are certain that it is needed in every city with more than 30,000 people. The problem is less acute in the small town, where a lawyer has standing comparable to that of the doctor. But the city man, basically suspicious of the law and lawyers anyway, often does not know where to turn.

In Philadelphia, where one of the most successful referral services has been in operation since April, 1948, the puzzled citizen turns, in rapidly increasing numbers, to room 601 in the cavernous City Hall. This is the office of the Philadelphia Lawyer Reference Service, sponsored by the Philadelphia Bar Association.

Suppose that a schoolteacher, whom I shall call Jenny Smith, has slipped on an ice-covered pavement and injured her back. She was in the hospital for ten days. While there, various lawyers of whom she had never heard offered to take her case. Other attorneys held out complicated legal documents which they urged her to sign. Miss Smith distrusted all of them, however. When she left the hospital she consulted the service.

On entering room 601 at the City Hall she is greeted by a pleasant-voiced secretary.

"Please sit down," she is told. "The registration fee is \$1, which you can pay now if you care to."

Miss Smith shortly is received by Walter Johnson, an attorney who is employed by the service and gives his full time to it. Johnson listens sympathetically to the teacher's account of her mishap. He asks her the name of the abutting property owner, the amount of her hospital and doctor bills and whether she suffered any loss of salary. Has any offer of settlement been made?

"I think you have a clear case," he might then say.

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Herman D. Friedman, Philadelphia attorney, helps two young people straighten out a problem at one of the neighborhood law offices

"That Stuff" Called Culture

By LILI FOLDES

**IT IS TIME for Americans to quit
apologizing for native artists and learn
to appreciate them as Europe does**

"I HAD no idea we had composers like that in America," a New York business man exclaimed in unabashed amazement after a recital of contemporary piano music given by my husband at the United States Embassy Theatre in Paris recently. "I had to drag him along," the New Yorker's French hostess confessed to me at the reception after the concert. "John said the last thing he wanted to do was to listen to American music."

John blushed. Around him stood a group of distinguished Parisians, leaders of French cultural life, talking in superlatives about the U. S. composers whose works they had just heard. The list of those present read like pages from the Paris "Social Register" and "Who's Who" combined. Every one of the guests could have chosen among a dozen tempting engagements for that same evening, as the *saison* was at its height in Paris right then. But of all the many wonderful things to do in the French capital, they chose to come—without being coaxed by anyone—to listen to music written by young Americans, so interested were they in hearing what the composers of that continent had to offer in contemporary music. The New York executive was the only member of the audience who had to be dragged to the concert.

But he came, nevertheless, and that's more than he'd done in America. Back home, he and his wife would probably have agreed that there were many other worthier ways to spend an evening. For John, his wife, and millions of their fellow-Americans care precious little about American

music as well as about other manifestations of home-grown culture.

I will never forget what one lumberman in the state of Washington told me when the subject of American culture came up: "I don't think we should kid ourselves about that," he pronounced. "We are okay when it comes to making money and staying levelheaded in political matters—in fact we are hard to beat in those things—but we ought to leave art alone. Leave it to Europe. We just don't know what to do with that stuff."

I thought of him often in the course of our recent European tour. My husband had played a great deal of contemporary American music in every country between Finland and Italy, and I was present at these concerts. I sat in the audience, and could hear the comments around me. There were people who preferred Copland to all other composers on the program. Others liked Barber's music best.

At a number of places Virgil Thomson's "Ragtime Bass" brought the house down. But whether the concert was in Helsinki, Brussels or Rome, not one member of the audience felt that the Americans should leave art alone or that they didn't know what to do with "that stuff." I so wished that our friend from the Pacific Northwest could have made the rounds with us, visiting the United States information libraries in all these countries. He probably would have rubbed his eyes in astonishment, seeing how popular these "outposts" of American culture were everywhere on the Continent. The movies they showed, as well as their art exhibits and their con-





certs, attracted hundreds of people day after day.

And I certainly would have liked him to visit with us in the home of one of the old patrician families of Paris where we spent a memorable evening last summer. These people owned so many paintings of the old masters that even their hallway boasted some Dürers and Brueghels. As we were admiring these works of fabulous beauty and value, our host offered to show us his favorite possession, a self-portrait by Rembrandt, which hung above the desk in his study. Below this famous classic, I discovered on his desk an American art magazine. I knew he had never been to America, and I asked him what made him subscribe to an American publication featuring color reproductions of paintings by U.S. artists.

"I'll be very frank with you," he said. "I subscribed to it some years ago out of curiosity. Now I keep reading it because I like it."

He admitted that this was a rather typical attitude. Most Europeans, he said, realized the great importance of American arts as most significant of our times, because America is the only major world power to have taken form as a cultural unit in the period when technological civilization was spreading throughout the world, and so the arts in America reveal more clearly than the arts of any other people, the nature and the meaning of modern civilization. "But," he continued, "we are no longer merely interested in a detached way—we have come to like and admire American art."

Would our friend ever believe the sincerity of this Frenchman? Not before he is shaken out of his stubborn philosophy which causes him to repeat his little slogan over and over again. Yet he is no better or worse than preoccupied business men in other parts of the country. I heard him say often that he knew the state of Washington, where he was born and raised and made

good, as well as his own back yard. I know now that he really meant to say he knew the land of which he owned a great slice. He didn't know the people of his home state.

He has never met Eugene Linden, for instance, nor Don Bushell. Both of these friends of ours were born and raised in Washington. They are in their mid 30's and have proved against great odds that they knew what to do with that stuff called art.

Much against his parents' intentions, Don chose music as his profession and the cello as his instrument. He joined the faculty of Western Washington College in Bellingham and taught cello and chamber music there for years. Four years ago he decided that he wanted to be a symphony conductor. Since there was no orchestra in Bellingham, he quit his job, which provided a comfortable living for him, his wife and two children, and moved to Seattle to face hardship and uncertainty. Today Don has his orchestra, a nonprofessional organization. As director of the Seattle Philharmonic Orchestra, he conducts several concerts a year, yet finds time to keep up his teaching and plays regularly over one of the Seattle radio stations.

Eugene Linden fought, begged, talked his way into forming a professional orchestra in Tacoma, when still in his 20's. Everybody liked Eugene, but he was just a local boy, and patrons of the arts were used to going to nearby Seattle for their entertainment, especially for their symphony concerts. No less a personality than Sir Thomas Beecham was the conductor there. Nevertheless, after a while the orchestra came into existence and by now even former skeptics subscribe to its concerts.

For the past decade or so, Seattle has been the center of many an unusual artistic enterprise in the field of the theater, too. Thanks to the genius and crusading spirit of men like Glenn Hughes, head of the drama depart-



LILI FOLDES came to this country in 1939 to cover the World's Fair for a Budapest paper and while here attended the U.S. debut of Andor Foldes, an Hungarian pianist. A short time later they were wed. Mrs. Foldes, now an American citizen, is exceptionally well qualified to discuss culture both here and abroad, since she has traveled extensively on both continents.

ment of the University of Washington, theatrical enterprises have flourished. There are two theaters on the university grounds alone. Both have been successful testing grounds for experimental plays as well as drama of the "legitimate" theater, and last but not least for young actors.

And while our lumberman friend is not likely ever to have set foot in these theaters, there are thousands of people in Seattle, just as in all larger cities of the U. S. with similar local enterprises, who take full advantage of the opportunity offered them. And in smaller towns I have often seen groups within a club or simply a handful of friends get together once a week to read through current Broadway productions, keeping themselves thus *au courant*, and serving as living denial to charges that dramatic activities in America are nonexistent "a mile west of the Great White Way." It is undeniably true, of course, that 90 per cent of theatrical news is made on New York's Broadway but with the ever increasing number of touring companies, summer stock companies and the like, the situation is changing rapidly.

When the three-volume edition of "The Cambridge History of American Literature" was first issued around the turn of the century, it contained two chapters covering the entire field of playwriting in this country. When an abridgment of these volumes was made, the editors deemed it fit to remove the drama section altogether.

In the comparatively few years since Eugene O'Neill made his appearance, however, American drama has risen to world fame. Playwrights like Thornton Wilder, Elmer Rice, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, S. N. Behrman, Lillian Hellman, Clifford Odets, William Saroyan, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller have made drama critics in every part of the world take their hats off in reverence before so much original and genuinely American talent.

As I could see for myself in the course of our recent European tour, such thoroughly American plays—and so different from each other in character and subject matter—as the musical "Oklahoma" and the southern drama "Deep are the Roots" were equally successful in almost every country between Norway and Italy, together with about a dozen other American plays.

A friend from Vienna came to Paris last spring to spend a few days with us during our stay there.

We took her to one of the most successful plays of the season, written by an outstanding French playwright. At the end of the first act our friend turned to me pensively:

"There is nothing wrong with this comedy . . . but a few weeks ago I saw an American play in Vienna, written by a woman called Mary Chase . . . it was about an invisible rabbit . . . Harvey. That was sensational! It was the first American play I've seen in 15 years. You must have an enormous wealth of new playwrights. I've just read three plays by William Saroyan—enchanting and so different. We keep rehashing the old themes, but the Americans seem to find new paths . . ."

I heard these same words expressed by a man who ought to know—Ferenc Molnar, one of the greatest living playwrights.

We spent an evening together in the home of a mutual friend a few days before the New York opening of "Carousel," a musical version of Molnar's famous play, "Liliom."

"And how does it feel to see your classic being bastardized in true Broadway style?" somebody asked the playwright.

"Bastardized?" Molnar exclaimed. "Now look here . . ." and he began a paean on the genius of Rodgers and Hammerstein, saying that he had not heard such music since Puccini, nor had he been exposed to such perfection, beauty and taste as has been put into "Carousel."

Even opera written by a contemporary American composer—Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Medium"—found a producer and an enthusiastic audience in Europe recently. It was produced in Paris last spring. We witnessed the success of Roger Sessions' "Second Symphony" in Amsterdam and Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait" in Paris. The latter was a memorable event. According to the composer's instructions the Gettysburg Address has to be read to the music—and so we heard the classic words recited in French.

The triumphant European concert tours by such American-born and trained artists as the young violinist, Isaac Stern, William Kapell, the pianist, and the conductor, Leonard Bernstein, were perhaps indirectly responsible for the recent arrival of a flock of young music students in this country from France and England and almost every other part of Europe. These young people had come to study music in such institutions as the Juilliard School of Music in

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A SALESMAN IS PERSISTENT

By NARD JONES

SURE, you're a salesman and of course you think you are persistent. But, speaking of persistence, this fellow Joe P. McNash, in furniture—he stayed in our town almost 15 years to sell the only prospect in the town.

And on the day he made the sale he checked out of Ed Bardeen's hotel, which Ed calls The Haywood House, after the town, and that was that.

Yes, sir, he stayed in Haywood just 14 years, eight months and nine days, as old man Frisbie figures it—and he ought to know. Old man Frisbie was the prospect because he did the embalming in Haywood, and carried furniture as a side line. I don't know just why, but when I was young, the undertaker in a town the size of Haywood also sold furniture and kitchen tables and stoves and iceboxes and things like that.

He also sold baby cribs and sometimes when the men were hanging around Herman Goodwin's drugstore, sitting on the bench out under the big maple on the main street, talking about business, old man Frisbie would say he helped folks get started in life and he helped them out of it, too. I think he was a little embarrassed about being an undertaker and tried to pass it off with some fun. But it was a fact that he took more interest in undertaking than in the furniture store. Maybe this was because he didn't like salesmen.

You see, he had to keep some kind of a stock of furniture, whereas he would keep only one stock job coffin and could order another if this one wasn't fancy enough to suit the survivors. But in furniture he had to keep some furniture pieces around, because if a lady didn't see something she liked pretty well she would just get her husband to drive her over to Athena and buy at the Emporium Furniture Store, and while she was there she might buy some groceries and hardware and mercantile stuff, too, and that would make other local storekeepers mad at Frisbie. The automobile was just getting to be a common thing in Haywood and the county was fixing up the roads and it was a trick to get folks to stay in town and patronize the home stores.

I mentioned that old man Frisbie didn't like salesmen and I think it was because in those days a lot of them were smart alecky and conscious of being from a bigger town and of getting around considerably. And Frisbie said there wasn't anything a salesman wouldn't do to make a sale. "He'd kill his own grandmother to make

"Like to take me on, Mr. Frisbie?" asked McNash.
The old man looked up





a sale," Frisbie would say at the checker game under the big maple in front of the drugstore. He was champion of the county at checkers and darned few could give him a good game, so he did a lot of talking while he played, just to show how easy it was. "Yes, sir, a salesman would do in his grandmother to make a sale."

"Well, then, if he did," Herman Goodwin would say, "maybe you could make a sale!" Then they would all cackle just like, my mother always said, a bunch of old hens.

THIS Joe P. McNash represented the Twentieth Century Kitchen Furniture Manufacturing Company out of Aurora, and he had the far western country clear to the coast.

He'd call on Frisbie once a year and never sell him so much as a kitchen stool, but he kept coming back, every year. One time he hit Haywood about noontime and found Frisbie playing checkers under the maple. Frisbie and Herman Goodwin had just finished a game and McNash said, "Like to take me on, Mr. Frisbie?"

Frisbie looked up. "Don't mind if I do, providin' you can play. But mind you, it won't help you to sell me. You can't do it with checkers, either, or cards, or whisky, or fast stories. I just don't want any of that Twentieth Century line and the best salesman in the world ain't going to sell me any."

As it turned out, McNash was a pretty good checker man and he almost beat old man Frisbie. "Probably you could of beat me, too," Frisbie said, "if you wasn't a salesman. You figure it's good business to let me win."

McNash flushed up a little and said, "Mr. Frisbie, inspired by that confidence you place in my integrity, I think I could beat you three in a row." What's more, he did it; and I think it was from that point that they became friends, as much as any two men can who see each other once a year.

But when it came to business—they just didn't do any.

Then one summer McNash came into town and said, "Frisbie, I am not going to leave Haywood this time until I get a signed order from you."

"That'd be an awful long time, McNash. So you better get back on the road as soon as we've had some checkers. Otherwise, your firm will be

firing you for staying in one place too long on an expense account with no orders."

"I'll worry about that," McNash said. And he went up to The Haywood House and registered. Usually he would be taking the late afternoon bus to Athena. He stayed a week, and the next week, and for weeks after that. He and Frisbie played checkers every day, rain or shine and every Monday morning McNash paid a business call on Frisbie.

After about a month, Frisbie said, "Joe, I can't make you out. It's come to the point where I'd hate to see you leave town, if maybe it's only because you are the only fellow around here who can give me a decent game of checkers. But I think maybe you're just making a danged fool out of yourself. You read in some salesman's book or heard in some sales lecture that everybody admires persistence. Well, it's only fair to tell you, Joe, that I don't. Not in a salesman, I don't."

"Well, now, it ain't exactly persistence that—"

"Don't say 'ain't' because I do," Frisbie cut him off. "That's something else you got out of a book. You don't say 'ain't' in Aurora, so don't say it here to me."

"Okay," said McNash. "But I want you to know it isn't persistence that makes me stay here. I'll tell you why it is. You see, every time I would get home from a trip my wife would ask me how I did and I'd tell her. I would tell her town by town and store by store, until she got to know the territory, by names at least, as well as I did. After all, too, when a man is on the

road for most of the year, and doesn't get to see the little woman too often, there's not much else to talk about together. Well—naturally I'd always have to admit I hadn't cracked you for as much as an order for a folding clothes-dryer."

Joe McNash was looking out Frisbie's store window and across the road and away beyond that. "Well, the last time I started out she kissed me good-by and she said to me, 'Joe, don't you come back this time until you've sold Mr. Frisbie!' Of course, she was only kidding. But those were the last words she ever said to me. I was as far as Denver when I got the wire she had died of a heart attack. Never knew she had any trouble that way, but then, I wasn't home much and maybe she didn't want to tell me on those few weeks I was home."

OLD MAN Frisbie kept looking at him, the way he looked at salesmen. But McNash went right on, as if he had to: "After the funeral I got to thinking, and it seemed a right nice thing to do—to try to do what she asked me, last I seen her. She left me a little money, I might as well say. Not much, but enough so I could do what she'd asked. So I went to the boss and he said, 'Joe, you go right ahead, and to help out some I'll let you keep the sales rights in Haywood County and you can work out of Haywood. When you get Frisbie sold you can have your old territory back again.'"

Frisbie kept right on looking at him. "Joe," he said, blinking his eyes a little. "Telling me that story about your wife was about as low as I've seen a salesman get to make a sale. But it ain't no lower than I'd believed they'd go. Still and all, it won't work."

"I didn't tell you that to sell you anything. You kind of asked how I figured, and so I told you. The time was here when I had to tell somebody, anyhow."

"Sure," said Frisbie gruffly. "You going to play me some checkers up at Ed Bardeen's tonight?"

"You bet. But make it a little later. I got a meeting with the Scouts at seven."

Old man Frisbie put his handkerchief in his back pocket and said, "Joe, I'm sorry about your wife. I really am. And I reckon you are getting to be a mighty fine citizen around here, working with the Scouts and all. And I reckon

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Professor Pan, a modern-day washman, hopes more of his people will follow his lead



PHOTOS BY R. S. NESMITH

E. Lin Pan, the Laundryman

By PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN

ON THE surface, a man named E. Lin Pan and a place where you can get your shirts, socks, towels and pillowcases washed seem like the most natural combination in the world.

Pan is Chinese, just five years out of Shanghai, and the laundry business, of course, has been practically a Chinese monopoly for years—in America, anyway.

But Pan doesn't run a *hand* laundry, as most of his fellow countrymen do. He runs a laundromat, one of those streamlined, push-button wash-emporiums where the family laundry is put on an assembly line and you can sit

THE old Chinese laboring over a steaming flatiron used to be a familiar sight in most communities. Now a modern counterpart is on the way in

back comfortably and watch the work being done. In fact—he owns two laundromats. One is located in New York City, the other in the Long Island suburb of Woodside.

Pan's two laundromats make up, as far as can be ascertained, fully two thirds of all the Chinese-owned mechanical laundries in America. And, since there are approximately 4,000 laundromats, launderettes,

laundreezes and assorted self-service washeries already in existence, it looks as though the Chinese have missed their own boat.

But he intends to change all this. He has a mission in life—to make laundromats a predominantly Chinese affair, just like the old-fashioned hand laundries were before them.

"It's a natural transfer for the

Chinese laundryman to go over to the laundromat business," he says, "if only they can be made to realize it's a good thing for them. And, that's what I'm trying to do now."

At first, when people hear about a Chinese laundromat in the neighborhood, they always come around half expecting to find its proprietor standing over a hot ironing board, practically wearing pigtails and an Oriental kimono and using such expressions as "No tickee, no shirtee." Instead, he turns out to be a square-jawed, dynamic business man who is almost a walking advertisement of a typical American. He is slender, above average height, appears to be about 30 years old (and is actually 43), wears tan tweed sports jackets and gray flannel slacks, smokes endless chains of cigarettes in between quick pulls at a straight-stem pipe. Further, he speaks English perfectly, without an accent and with an ear tuned to the American idiom—talking about "starting from scratch," referring to his three American-born children, ages one to four years, as "the kids," and calling his soft-spoken flower-like little wife, T'sen-Ho (which in Chinese means "Precious Flower") just plain "Emma."

People are almost always shocked when meeting Pan for the first time—he clashes so patently with their preconceptions of how a Chinese laundryman looks, talks and acts. Late one afternoon, for example, about a week after he had opened his Woodside place, two storekeepers from up the street dropped in. They saw him standing over a hot plate in the rear office. "Look," one of them observed, "he's making his tea now." Then, they came a little closer and discovered what he was brewing—coffee, which he drinks all day long.

It comes as even more of a shock when you learn that until a few months ago, he had never once been inside a laundry except as a paying customer and that in China he had been a professor of English at Shanghai, a lecturer on Chinese Culture at the Shanghai American School. Then during the 1930's, after he had switched to the business world, he was managing director of one of China's largest banks, the Shanghai Commercial and Savings Bank, as well as president of the multimillion dol-

lar China Travel Service, which he describes as "a combination of the Railway Express Agency and the Statler Hotel chain."

In late 1944, he came to America to study the hotel business here, with the idea of improving postwar travel in China. "But by 1945 I decided to settle down in America," he said. "I saw the handwriting on the wall as far as the civil war in China was concerned. But my main reason was that I liked the at-

This he is trying to do in two ways—first, by showing them that one of their own people could master and manage one of these enamel and steel foreign devils; second, by proving that being Chinese was a definite asset in *any* phase of the laundry business they could think of.

When you watch Pan in operation at either of his stores, you can't see how he can possibly miss. He has a touch that seems to com-

bine the first principles of Confucius, Billy Rose and some top advertising executive. He uses American advertising know-how, Broadway showmanship and Chinese cleverness.

Everything is merchandised to the nth degree—the plate glass windows up front are so clean you want to walk right through them; there are pink and white linoleum covers on the laundry baskets, also neat stacks of all the latest magazines, bottles of bleach, bluing and ammonia lined up between the machines like cadets on dress parade, and polite female attendants dressed in white uniforms to cart the wash around.

All the tried and tested advertising appeals are here, but with little Chinese touches added that make them doubly devastating. For example, in the New York City place, in the middle of all this gleaming modernity, Pan manages to have an ancient abacus (which Chinese have been using for thousands of years as a kind of adding machine) to tot up your fee instead of just an ordinary cash register. Also, there are large green and yellow signs everywhere (hand-lettered by Pan) which proclaim such things as: "Self-service but we will attend for you," "Please allow more time" and "Save by buying our economy booklet—\$2.50 for 10 washes."

Pan seems to have a positive penchant for addressing written communications to his customers. In a complex, machine-ridden business such as this, there are dozens of "Do's" and "Don'ts" and technical errors you can fall into that can wreak havoc with your own and someone else's wash (as well as with Pan's 60 expensive washing machines, three dryers, two ironers and two extractors) and he is in the habit of decorating his walls with printed signs and also drop-



Customers are reminded gently by hand-lettered signs like this of the mistakes they can make

mosphere here, the straightforward way you handle a situation. So I sent for Emma—she was my fiancée then—got married and began canvassing the job situation here."

Then he discovered the laundromat and quickly realized what a great opportunity it presented not only for himself but also for his fellow countrymen already in the laundry business. "I could see they were in a horse-and-buggy business and would either have to mechanize or lose their means of livelihood. And, mechanizing would mean getting themselves out of the 'coolie' class and becoming real American business men. So I set myself up as a guinea pig in order to prove to them that the laundromat was not their mortal enemy but their next logical step."

ping little mimeographed notes into a customer's outgoing laundry bag. These contain politely worded warnings, washday hints, scientific bits of laundry information and, incidentally, good personal publicity for himself.

Pan is a great admirer of the Burma-Shave roadside advertisements, which he and Emma first saw on their trip from San Francisco to New York, shortly after they were married. He has contrived to adapt a similar poetic form to the laundry business. Whatever the literary value of his resultant efforts has been, they do succeed in getting their messages across and in making customers feel that somehow the soiled clothes they bring in are the most glamorous and most important commodities in the world.

His jingle, for example, for those souls who are so foolish as to put colored and white wash together in a single machine, not realizing what it does to the colors of both, runs as follows:

"Color, color everywhere

Like a rainbow, gay and bright,
Pray in future, take good care

Separate colored from the
white!"

There are also jingles for people who try to put too heavy a load of wash into a single machine or who insist on using their own soap, not realizing that Pan supplies free soap flakes made especially for his machines, or who don't understand that some fabrics are shrinkable. And, over the extractor, there is emblazoned this warning:

"Please push the handle gently,
Avoid a bang and a crash.
It will save you a nervous moment
And save us a lot of cash!"

Perhaps the most persistent error washing machine users fall into, Pan says, is neglecting to remove foreign items from their pockets—things they wouldn't ordinarily send to the laundry. Despite a half dozen large signs on the wall asking them to "Please empty your pockets!" people still persist in letting things go through, often to Pan's financial distress.

Pan's jingle, placed in outgoing bags, in cases of such painful lapses of memory is a model of self-restraint, diplomacy and the kind of good humor most Americans somehow expect of all Chinese laundrymen. It merely says:

"Look what we found in your laundry,
Which you may or may not miss.
Please check your bundles in future"

For hidden treasures like this."

"This" refers to the item to which the note is attached—the screwdriver, chewing gum, piggy bank, or whatever the case may be.

Such communications, even those containing a mildly censoring tone, seem to make the customers glow inwardly with the knowledge that the guiding intelligence behind all these seemingly cold, automaton-like washing machines has their own best interests at heart.

From the beginning, Pan was shrewd enough to cash in on the fact that he is Chinese and he expects his fellow countrymen who follow in his footsteps to do likewise. Americans, he has discovered, have certain misconceptions, usually flattering ones, about all the Chinese they meet—laundrymen or otherwise.

"First and foremost," he says, "there is that myth about all Chinese being honest. Of course, no one nationality is more honest than any other nationality. But it's a beautiful myth, which I do my best to keep alive. People are always leaving money in their pockets—and I've made a name for myself for returning every single cent that turns up."

He has been known to take a penny, put it into an envelope (together with the appropriate jingle), stick a three-cent stamp onto the envelope and mail it to the proper party. Customers are always impressed by such meticulous honesty which they invariably tie in with the general Chinese character.

Then, there is the other erroneous idea most Americans have, that every Chinese they meet has been in the laundry business all his life and knows all there is to know about bleaching, bluing, supersaturating a starch solution, tucking a French cuff, and so on. Some of Pan's upper-class Chinese friends shudder every time they recall how once, during the '20's, a large group of American tourists was being presented to the mayor of Shanghai. The mayor was an elderly gentleman, distinguished throughout the Orient as a philosopher and bright literary light. But one American business man detached himself from the group, slapped him on the back and in his

(Continued on page 64)

Pan offers odd bits of information to help a patron solve a laundry problem





Mother Nature's

By

THREE IS a fruit farmer named L. J. Farley of Yakima Valley, Wash., who every spring issues 12 gauge shotguns to his hired hands and has them blaze away at the trees in his orchard. They are not shooting pests, they are pollinating the blossoms to insure a good crop of apples. The shells are filled with bulk pollen, which previously has been hand-picked. Farley has found this method a great labor-saver in putting the pollen on the opening blossoms where it will do its job.

This is an example of the expedients man must resort to when he upsets the balance of nature—a trick which he has been performing often in recent years. It is the traditional job of bees and other insects to pollinate flowers, but many farmers have deprived the bees of decent working conditions and they have gone on strike.

First, too intensive cultivation robbed the bees of their natural habitat and drove them back into the wilds; so orchardists had to rent hives of bees in blossom time. Then, modern insecticides have

killed many of the rented bees along with the pests they were aimed at. As a result, professional bee renters will no longer send their hives to orchards where these poisons are used. Because of these factors, many fruit raisers have had to devise ways of doing the work which bees once happily did for nothing.

Nature, if left to herself, has her own intricate methods of perpetuating the many species of animal and vegetable life which populate the globe. In her vast victimizing plan, everything from green algae seen in water to the lordly bison and the predaceous tiger is provided for. Everything is destined to eat and be eaten. Of course, we can't leave Nature to herself because of something called civilization. We can, however, learn that when we interfere with her processes, whether we kill or whether we protect, the matter doesn't stop there. The consequences spread, like ripples in a pond, until all living things, including man, are affected to some degree.

There is a fairly new science called ecology which deals with Nature's economic system—what eats what, and what happens when you take some creature's food away or make him move. You'll find ecologists in the Department of Agriculture, in the Fish and Wildlife Service and in many universities. They'll tell you things you never heard of before.

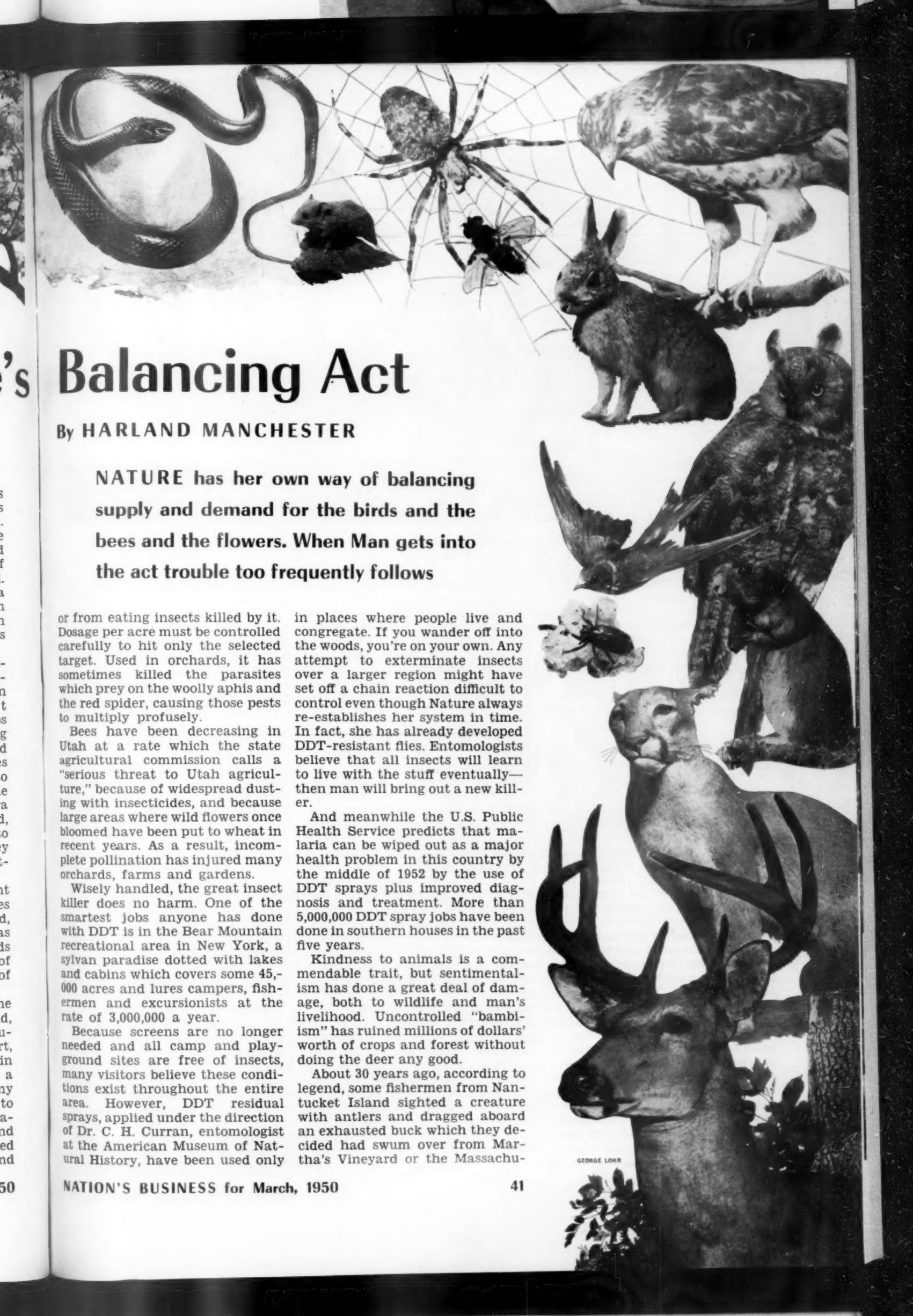
Take this matter of the shortage of bees for pollination. It's not much of a problem in England or France, and many GI's have literally stumbled on the reason. It's those thick hedgerows surrounding the fields which provide shelter

for birds as well as bees and thus lessen the severity of insect pests and also take care of pollination. These countries are far more densely populated than the United States and farmers are jealous of every square foot of arable land. Fences would save space. But if a stranger so much as sets foot on a Breton farmer's brush-grown earth hedge, the farmer comes running out with a pitchfork.

Now the Soil Conservation Service and wildlife experts are protesting that American "clean farming," with fences that wouldn't shelter a sparrow, helps insect pests to multiply by driving away birds which would be glad to eat them. Field boundary hedges of woody vegetation are advised to reduce the insecticide bill. In some areas, "living fences" of multiflora rosebushes have been planted, which are cheap to install, easy to control, grow so thickly that they bar animals, and provide an inviting habitat for birds and bees.

Farmers are also urged to plant trees and shrubs in eroded gullies and unused corners of their land, thus conserving topsoil as well as sheltering birds. While some birds damage crops, examination of crop contents shows that most of them do more good than harm.

DDT, which has been called the atomic bomb of the insect world, has made a spectacular contribution to man's health and comfort, but when sprayed or dusted in highly concentrated form over a wide area, it may kill as many friends as foes and do damage to all animal life which will take Nature years to repair. Birds, wild and domestic, as well as fish, have died from contact with the compound



Balancing Act

By HARLAND MANCHESTER

NATURE has her own way of balancing supply and demand for the birds and the bees and the flowers. When Man gets into the act trouble too frequently follows

or from eating insects killed by it. Dosage per acre must be controlled carefully to hit only the selected target. Used in orchards, it has sometimes killed the parasites which prey on the woolly aphis and the red spider, causing those pests to multiply profusely.

Bees have been decreasing in Utah at a rate which the state agricultural commission calls a "serious threat to Utah agriculture," because of widespread dusting with insecticides, and because large areas where wild flowers once bloomed have been put to wheat in recent years. As a result, incomplete pollination has injured many orchards, farms and gardens.

Wisely handled, the great insect killer does no harm. One of the smartest jobs anyone has done with DDT is in the Bear Mountain recreational area in New York, a sylvan paradise dotted with lakes and cabins which covers some 45,000 acres and lures campers, fishermen and excursionists at the rate of 3,000,000 a year.

Because screens are no longer needed and all camp and playground sites are free of insects, many visitors believe these conditions exist throughout the entire area. However, DDT residual sprays, applied under the direction of Dr. C. H. Curran, entomologist at the American Museum of Natural History, have been used only

in places where people live and congregate. If you wander off into the woods, you're on your own. Any attempt to exterminate insects over a larger region might have set off a chain reaction difficult to control even though Nature always re-establishes her system in time. In fact, she has already developed DDT-resistant flies. Entomologists believe that all insects will learn to live with the stuff eventually—then man will bring out a new killer.

And meanwhile the U.S. Public Health Service predicts that malaria can be wiped out as a major health problem in this country by the middle of 1952 by the use of DDT sprays plus improved diagnosis and treatment. More than 5,000,000 DDT spray jobs have been done in southern houses in the past five years.

Kindness to animals is a commendable trait, but sentimentalism has done a great deal of damage, both to wildlife and man's livelihood. Uncontrolled "bambification" has ruined millions of dollars' worth of crops and forest without doing the deer any good.

About 30 years ago, according to legend, some fishermen from Nantucket Island sighted a creature with antlers and dragged aboard an exhausted buck which they decided had swum over from Martha's Vineyard or the Massachu-



European brush hedges shelter birds and bees. Our fences drive them away

setts mainland. He became the first deer on the island. People made much of him, and a wealthy summer citizen imported a doe. In a few years there were more deer than there was forage to feed them, and no one's garden was safe.

An open season was declared, and since the island has little cover, the slaughter was terrific, bringing protests from sportsmen all over the state. Now things are under better control, but Nantucket is still no place for deer.

There was the case of the 1,000,000 acre Kaibab Forest in northern Arizona, where mule deer were getting along all right until, early in the century, hundreds of mountain lions, coyotes and timber wolves were killed off because they preyed on the deer. As a result, the deer increased by about 500 per cent and ate themselves out of house and home. Saplings were gnawed to the roots and large forest areas were devastated for years, paving the way for land erosion. It took a great deal of time and trouble to undo the damages.

If you deprive any species of its natural predators, unfortunate results are almost inevitable. All life can be envisioned as a great pyramid. At the base is grass and the tiny water organisms called plankton, which support the fish. Rodents and the larger herbivorous animals, smaller in number than the plants they eat, make up the next layer. Then come the flesh-

eating animals, fewer in number than the vegetarians.

Like most attempts to explain life by a diagram, this one is ragged and incomplete, but man, in his arrogance, may place himself at the top if he wishes, since animals are not organized. Knock out a brick anywhere in the great natural structure and a kind of biological earthquake takes place, often to man's great distress, until time brings about a readjustment.

Probably the world's chief exhibit of disastrous interference with Nature's balance is New Zealand. In its natural state, the country had no land mammals except bats. In 1864, homesick English settlers imported two does and a buck from the deer herd in the Royal Park at Windsor Castle, England. With lush grazing and no predators, the deer multiplied until they became a national menace. Whole forests were destroyed and serious erosion set to work in some of the mountain districts. As forage became scarcer, the deer became thinner and smaller until good specimens were hard to find.

One logical solution would have been the introduction of wolves and cougars, but sheep raising is a big New Zealand industry, and ranchers would not permit this. The commercial sale of venison might also have helped out, but there was the matter of competition with mutton in the market. So taxpayers shouldered the burden of supporting professional

hunting parties, paying a bounty on all tails.

New Zealanders are admirable people, but it would seem that like New York's late Mayor LaGuardia, when they make a mistake, "it's a beaut." To remind them of the old country, they also brought in the English rabbit which burrows. He has proliferated hugely, inducing forage shortage and soil erosion. And nostalgic bird lovers imported from England the blackbird, sparrow, starling, finch, linnet, and from India the myna. As a result, fruit, which ought to be cheap and plentiful, is costly. Ira N. Gabrielson, head of the Wildlife Management Institute in Washington, tells of small New Zealand orchards which are enclosed completely by wire at great expense to keep out birds and rabbits.

And that is not all. American blackberries were brought in. The birds ate the berries and spread the seeds far and wide. Now there are great areas of impenetrable blackberry thickets where sheep once grazed.

Another infamous importation is that of the rabbit to Australia. The first to enter the country were placed near Sydney and Melbourne where they were surrounded by forests and predators, so no harm was done. But when Thomas Austin of Barwon Park near Geelong, southwest of Melbourne, brought in 24 wild rabbits for his game preserve in 1859, he unleashed a costly

(Continued on page 74)

The College That's Tailor-made

By KATHRENE PINKERTON

SHORTAGE of skilled workmen, growing in many industries and even in small business, is generally considered an employer's problem. But in the textile and apparel trades, farsighted thinking put this squarely up to both labor and management. Their joint effort has produced thousands of basically trained workers and has gone on to establish a two-year junior college to train management personnel, young executives of the future.

Labor finds sound reasons for backing this higher education for bosses. "Anything that helps a craft helps labor," a union official said. "Workers can't be better off than their industry."

Apparel's college, the Fashion Institute of Technology, or FIT as it is often called, is in New York's garment section. Its charter is the only one ever granted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York to a corporation of individuals. The directors, chosen equally from labor and management, operate the college. Unions and employers pay half of the annual \$350,000 budget, the city the other.

Many of these directors, coming to this country

The school is Dr. Ritter's dream come true



FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

NATION'S BUSINESS for March, 1950



THE NEW YORK TIMES STUDIO

when Ellis Island was the doorway to the garment industry, never finished grammar school, but they learned the need of knowing garments from the fibers up. Probably no group was better equipped to plan a young executive's education and proved it. In the five years of FIT's operation, its 400 graduates have had jobs waiting for them when they left. They are plant managers, industrial engineers, textile experts, designers, stylists, apparel makers in sample lines, buyers and alteration heads in retail stores. And missionaries, too, for they have sold FIT's distinctive education to manufacturers across the country.

Cooperation of labor and management was not achieved easily or quickly. Their unity, and even the college itself, originated from a far less ambitious scheme, training of apparel workers of high school age. This

idea was born in the mind of a boy as he cut undercollars for men's suits. Mortimer C. Ritter, a Brooklyn high school graduate, preferred the shop to the office, spent his beginner's wages on tailoring lessons and eventually became a head designer. On his return from World War I, he felt more keenly than ever the need of vocational instruction to bridge the gap between school and work in the garment trade. The apparel industry, highly concentrated, was growing fast. Restrictive immigration was lessening the stream of European craftsmen. American youth could fill these thinning ranks, but the work had to offer security and self-esteem.

The needle trades were held in disrespect and even European craftsmen saw no promise in them for their children. Unless pride in craftsmanship could be fostered, latent skill and basic know-how would be lost to the industry and first generation American boys and girls would wear white collars but make less money. Ritter saw two means of changing this attitude, trade instruction and a general education to build well rounded citizens with a consciousness of the world and their place in it.

These lads may be tomorrow's executives



THE NEW YORK TIMES



PODELL & PODELL
Design is one of the Institute's main stems

New York's Board of Education had ignored the apparel industry. In 1920 Ritter asked the principal of a trade school to let him open a garment-cutting class. He also began his own college education in Columbia University's evening extension courses. Twelve years later he received his degree as Doctor of Education, but long before that, in 1925, the Board of Education chose him to start an apparel trade school.

Ritter asked for \$10,000 that he might place the school where pupils would have touch with the world they would work in. On his recommendation the Board of Education rented a loft in the garment section, supplied machines, and 60 boys and girls employed in the industry began attending part-time day classes. Enrollment was tripled the first year, continued to mount, and a full-time high school resulted with academic and pre-apprenticeship courses. But Ritter knew this could not fulfill its purpose without the support of labor and employers, and it was then he met a man with similar beliefs.

Like Ritter, Max Meyer had come up from the bottom. An immigrant, at 14 he got \$3 a week as errand boy for a coat and suit firm, was now a partner in the same company.

Ritter and Meyer argued, fought and pleaded with labor and industry. Labor said workers in a highly seasonal trade were having it tough enough without adding more. Employers couldn't see how "going to school" would make better craftsmen.

The two men countered with facts. Seventy per cent of workers in apparel trades were women dropping out for marriage or maternity. The quota law held foreign craftsmen to a trickle. The industry had infinite capacity for expansion.



Thirty hours of classwork is a requirement

and it would be impossible to overproduce trained workers. Apparel trades were approaching a workers' famine and didn't know it.

"But it was the kids who sold the idea," said Fred F. Umhey, executive secretary of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union. "Manufacturers were glad to get them. Labor had to take another look."

So did employers. The vocational high school won a small group of converts from labor and management who formed a voluntary commission to befriend the institution. The school was supported by New York City and might have become just another run-of-the-mill vocational high school except for these zealous proselytes who ranged labor and industry solidly behind it.

When the Central High School of the Needle Trades outgrew four separate units, union officials and manufacturers demanded that the city acknowledge its value with adequate equipment and proper housing. In 1940 the Board of Education provided a \$4,000,000 ten-story building in the garment section. It had textile laboratories, workshops and classrooms. Its shoe shop with \$90,000 worth of machinery was better equipped than many shoe factories. The machinery was a gift. The companies making these machines lease but never sell.

The City of New York could buy but not lease. The generous solution by the companies was an investment in future shoemakers.

Today this vocational high school has 2,500 daytime pupils and as many in evening extension courses. It is feeding a stream of basically trained graduates into the apparel trades. In that, it fulfilled the pioneers' purpose and laid the foundations for apparel's college by welding

labor and management in a shared conviction that education held the answer to industrial demands.

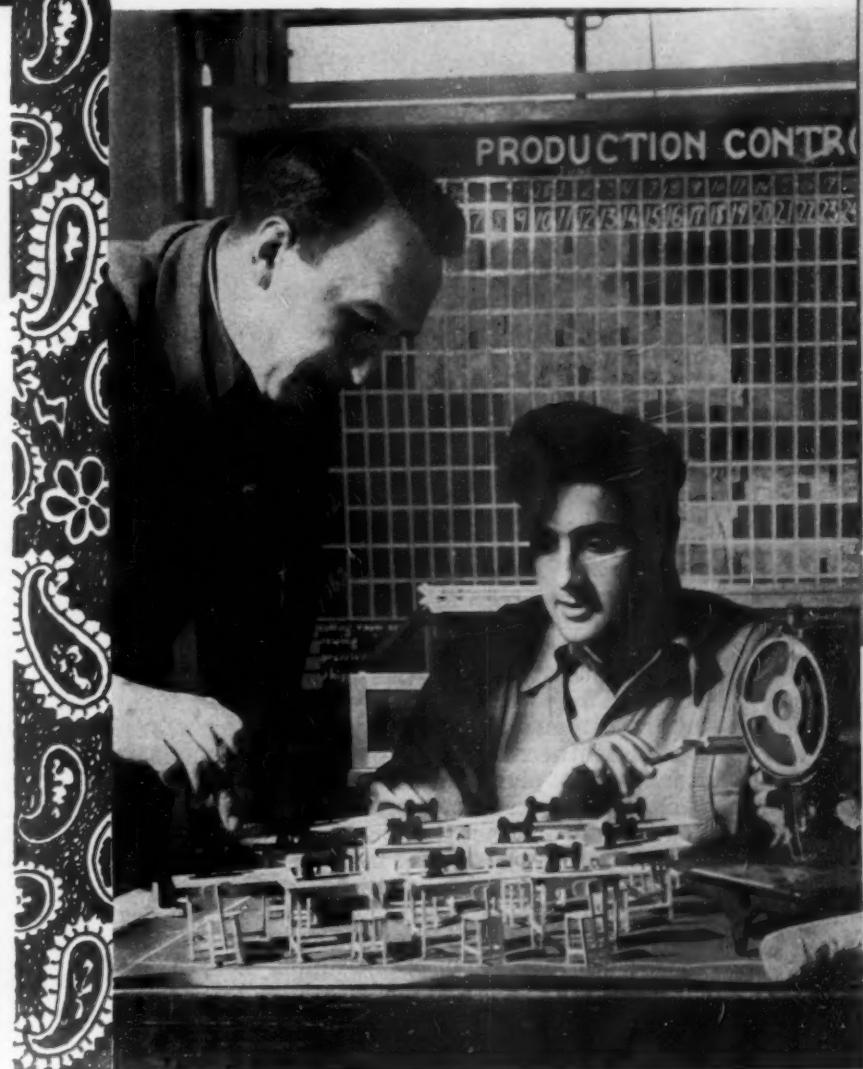
But now a new need was apparent. The country's second largest industry, a \$23,000,000,000 business, had no training ground for leaders.

"Technical colleges taught scientific management and principles of mass production but put the emphasis on heavy industries," said Morris W. Haft, manufacturer of women's clothing and chairman of the executive board of FIT. "This drained potential leaders from our field because it did not adapt industrial engineering to the soft trades. No school provided what we needed."

As a first step, the pioneers added extension courses in design, draping and production in the vocational high school, hoping to attract mature students of management caliber. But in April, 1944, with the war still on and no importations from Europe, the apparel trade was worried. World leadership was within its grasp, and it needed young executives.

Dr. Ritter drew up a plan for a two-year
(Continued on page 78)

The trade is learned from the ground up



THE NEW YORK TIMES STUDIO

Broken Lives and Dollar

By EDITH STERN



WASHINGTON POST PHOTO

The ups and downs of one member of a family affect all the others

A YEAR or so ago there was a great to-do in New York City when it was found that a woman wearing a mink coat had been collecting a relief allowance. Ultimately it transpired that the coat was a relic of long ago better days, good for nothing but warmth and not much good for that. It was so worn and shaggy that it could not have brought \$10 in the open market.

Except in a few large cities, a recent rash of exposés of "scandals" in relief administration in many communities similarly has fizzed out. True, some chiselers have been kicked off the rolls; some instances of mismanagement have been uncovered. But altogether the smoke of surveys and investigations in most places has revealed little fire, and citizens and the press have settled down into quiet acceptance of the fact that the majority of recipients of relief payments are in real need of what they get.

But why, in a period of high employment with a national income of \$210,000,000,000 a year, do 5,000,000 Americans have to be helped to stay alive with \$2,000,000,000 worth of public funds? Who are they? Can anything be done, short of letting people starve, to reduce relief rolls which in bad times will increase to even more formidable proportions?

Until a few months ago the answers were any-

body's guess. But now we don't have to speculate. On scientific evidence, we know that the answer to the first question is that the majority of people whose money troubles are so severe they are dependent on public support get and stay that way because of other troubles. And on the same evidence, the answer to the second question is that if a more concerted community attack were made on these troubles, many of them could be prevented or overcome.

Thanks to a study financed by the Grant Foundation (W. T. Grant of chain store fame) and made by Community Research Associates, for the first time we have definite facts on the make-up of the group that is dependent on the rest of us. A record of every family getting service from governmentally or privately supported agencies during November, 1948, in St. Paul, Minn., chosen as typical, showed that only four per cent were dependent merely because of temporary unemployment. The rest were unable to take care of themselves because they were in a mess of physical and emotional difficulties.

How the study came to be made, and the implications in it for other communities, is an inspiring story of the application of businesslike methods

Patches

WHEN experts studied the relief load in St. Paul, Minn., they found money alone doesn't solve everything. Understanding is a needed ingredient

of fact-getting and analysis to social welfare.

Community Research Associates, a nonprofit organization with a staff of experts on welfare, health, and recreation, often had been used by community chests and governmentally supported agencies to make what was the equivalent of marketing studies on the demand for products, the agencies' products being services. But even with about 100 surveys completed, the organization's president, Milton H. Glover of Hartford, Conn., banker; its executive director, Bradley Buell, social economist; and the rest of the staff felt that there remained a big gap in the knowledge necessary for the best community planning.

In spite of the masses of data in the surveys, for example, it was still not clear how many families—as opposed to individuals—were being helped. Nor could anyone tell how many of the individuals getting service from several agencies were duplicated in the total count. Above all, there were no facts on



RALPH CRANE—BLACK STAR

Some experts deny we have "court" or "child" problems



INTERNATIONAL
NEWS PHOTO

The clinic is one answer to the piecemeal attack on individuals' troubles

what proportion of those who got medical help or guidance from a mental hygiene clinic or counseling from a family service organization or financial help had more than one kind of problem. For example, if a man was listed as being on relief, obviously he had money troubles, but why? What problem kept him from being able to earn a living? The next move, Community Research Associates determined, must be to survey a community to get this kind of essential information.

St. Paul was a natural for the study. It had a group of public-spirited citizens who, under the leadership of William Mitchell, lawyer, and chairman of the Planning and Research Council, welcomed having their city used as a guinea pig. It had 108 public and private agencies offering a wide variety of health, welfare, recreation and mental hygiene services. The size of the city, the composition of its population, and its employment opportunities come as near being typical as is possible for any place in these diversified United States.

Altogether, it was found, 41,471 families—40 per cent of the families in Ramsey County (St. Paul)—made use of some kind of community service. The largest group of these families, 41 per cent, were self-supporting and availed themselves only of recreation such as that provided by the Y's and Scouts. The smallest, 16 per cent among those getting any kind of service, 6,640 families, were those getting financial help.

But a still smaller group within this group was a headache and expense to the community out of all proportion to its size. Some 5,000 families, 80 per cent of the dependent ones, required more than simple financial assistance. For obvious reasons these families scarcely used recreation service. But 37 per cent of all maladjustment services, that is, counseling and psychological and psychiatric treatment and health services (excluding, of course, private), went to them. More than half of them had

health problems, many had maladjustment problems. About one third had both!

Now it's no surprise to most of us that if you're poor you're likely to have other troubles or, conversely, that if something is physically, mentally or emotionally wrong it can lead to poverty. Still, it is pretty startling to see in black and white the tiny proportion of dependency that results from simply not having a job and the huge one—96 per cent—that is all mixed up with other things such as sickness or problem behavior.

The 55 pages of tables and graphs published by Community Research Associates under the title "Matters of Fact" is strictly statistical, draws no conclusion. But it was the basis for calling the National Conference on Family Needs in the autumn of 1949. More than 100 health officers, social workers, mental hygiene experts and other professionals from all parts of the country met in St. Paul with the city's community leaders and workers and the staff of Community Research Associates. For three days they discussed the findings of the survey.

And in respect to relief rolls they came out with what is essentially this: we must shift our emphasis from merely handing out money—though that is necessary—to getting at the causes of dependency. We must stop merely patching broken lives with pennies and mobilize our resources to prevent as many as possible from breaking.

As matters stand now, half a dozen public or private agencies may be giving service to a family, each one nibbling away at some phase of a difficulty, yet never touching the real heart of the family trouble. If the B.'s situation had been tackled as a whole, for instance, a few years ago, Mr. B. might not be on relief. His psychopathic wife made life so difficult in the home that his daughters were behavior problems. One straightened out under the guidance of an understanding teacher. The other

(Continued on page 68)



Even with high employment, some 5,000,000 Americans are on relief

MINSHALL—BLACK STAR

Pour it on!



Water aplenty for your new plant

...on the Water Level Route



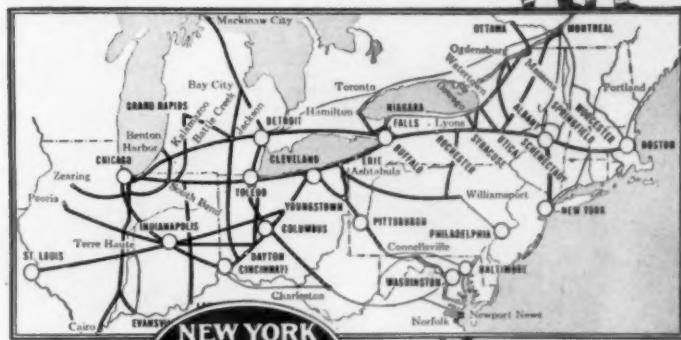
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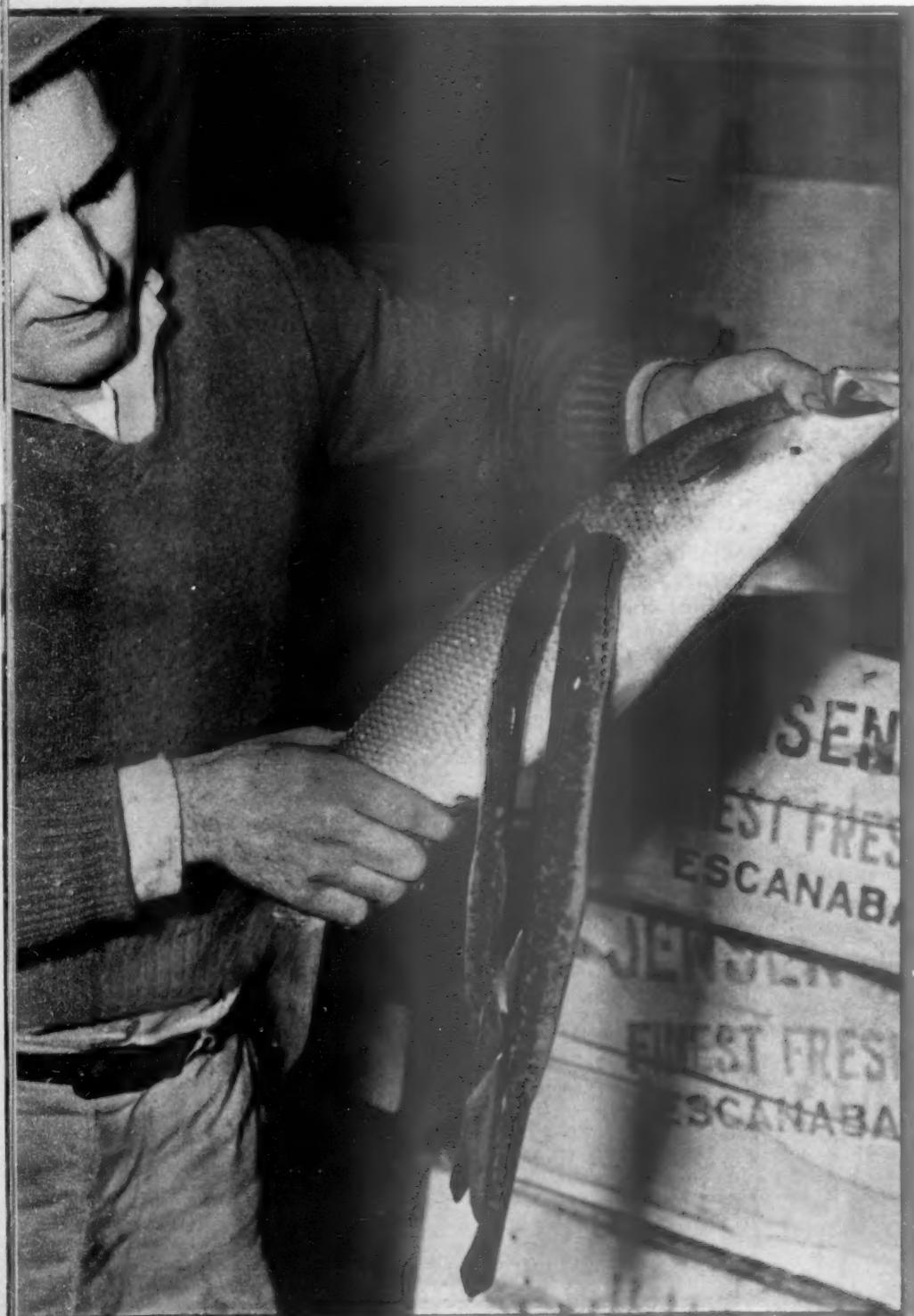


New York Central

The Smooth Water Level Route

Blight that Came from the Sea

By CLELAND VAN DRESSER



B. F. SCHULTZ

No fresh-water fish is safe from the lamprey. It prefers soft-scaled ones, though it can penetrate a sturgeon's hide

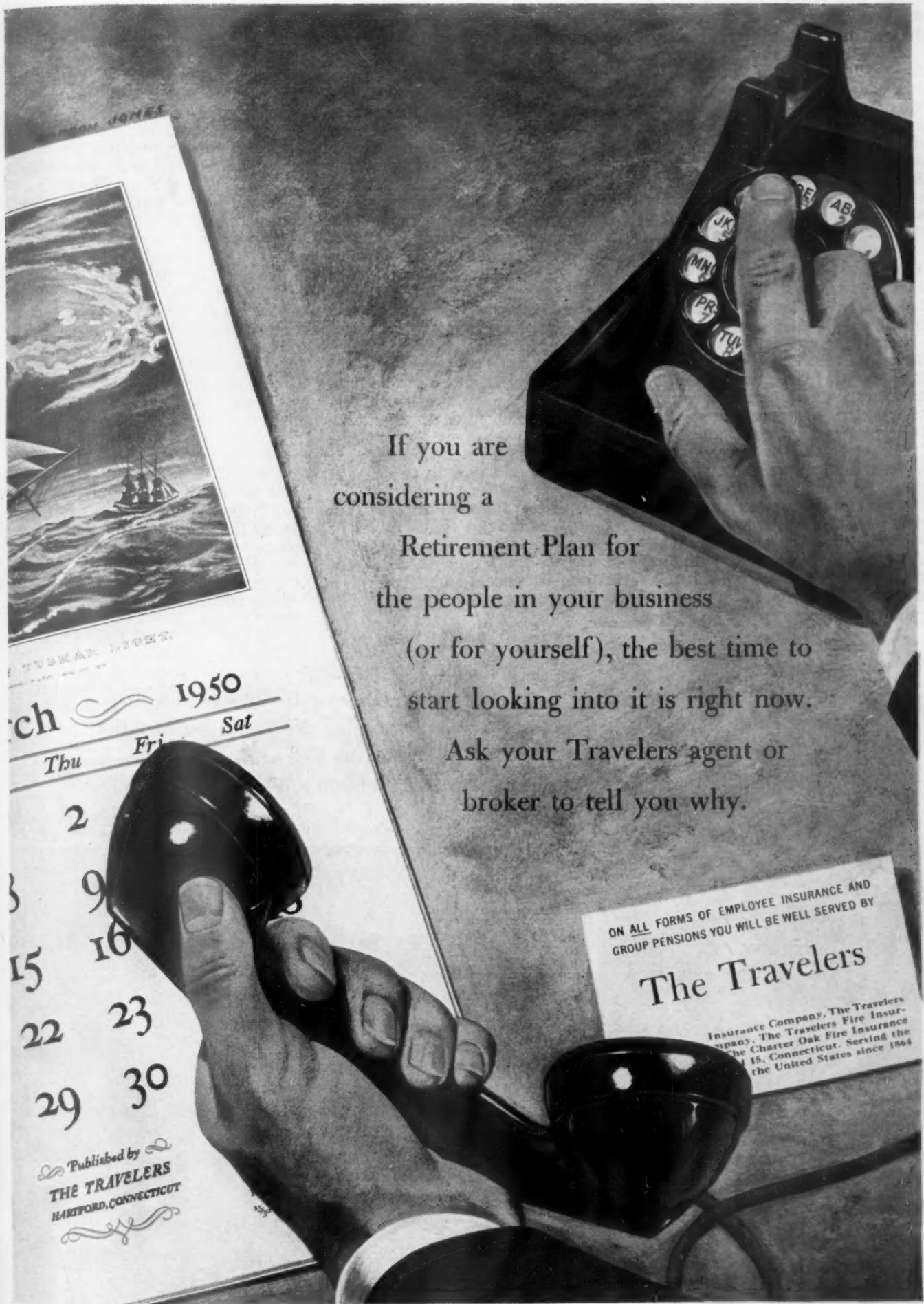
THE WORST blow to hit Great Lakes fishermen in years is on. It's wipe out the lamprey or go broke

CLARENCE MERTZ, veteran commercial fisherman of the Great Lakes, stood gloomily in his shed overlooking the bay in Rogers City on upper Lake Huron. His boats, tied up at the wharf, nosed the dock forlornly. Mertz morosely contemplated his nets, arranged in neat piles on the shed floor. After 31 years of successful fishing in Lake Huron, Mertz had hauled in his gear—\$60,000 worth of it—laid off his help, and quit fishing. Even Minnie, the cat, yowled plaintively as she prowled the freshly scrubbed planking.

Six hundred miles away in the Fulton Fish Market in New York City, the manager of Peck's Slip apprehensively studied a sheaf of telegrams from fishermen in Cheboygan, St. Ignace, Bay City, Sault Ste. Marie, Escanaba, as well as one from Clarence Mertz. They all read substantially the same—no lake trout or whitefish available from those widely separated ports.

The maitre d'hôtel of Henrici's, swank Chicago restaurant, was contemplating taking lake trout off his menu. The New York buyer for a food chain was trying frantically to replenish his stock of Great Lakes fish with last-minute appeals to Canadian sources. The New York Jewish trade was suffering badly. All along the line from retail dealers like Louis Rapaport of lower Broadway to housewives in the Bronx, the scarcity was being felt.

O. L. Morrow, young president of the budding Meteor Air Transport Company at Teterboro, N. J., wondered if he'd ever be able to fulfill the contract he had signed recently with the Fulton Fish Market for



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daily delivery of 28,000 pounds of fresh fish from the Great Lakes. He was worried about the \$40,000 he had invested in new equipment.

The dwindling of the Great Lakes fisheries is affecting every line of business connected with them—net manufacturers of Buffalo, Elyria, Ohio, and East Had-dam, Conn.; the builders of boats and marine engines in Cleveland, Erie, Pa., and Milwaukee, Manitowoc and Two Rivers, Wis., and the wholesalers in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and even far away Salina, Kans., as well as New York. The big truckers who ply the roads along the shores of the Great Lakes are beginning to feel the pinch of lightened cargoes.

According to Sol Broome, president of the Fresh Water Fish Wholesalers Association, the decline in the Great Lakes fish output affects the consumer area of 25 states, including the Pacific Coast.

The Great Lakes fisheries have experienced ups and downs radically for the past 50 years. From obscure causes the take in some species has dropped alarmingly in some years, only to stage a comeback later. The poundage produced from year to year has remained fairly constant until re-

cently, with a rise in one species replacing a decline in another.

But now the fisheries of the Great Lakes, *the nation's largest source of fresh water fish, face the possibility of extinction*. They are being annihilated by an evil creature from the sea that is progressing westward, leaving in its wake an aquatic desolation as complete as any plague of locusts that ever devastated Egypt in Biblical times.

Conservationists may cry "pollution" and "overfishing," and these factors undoubtedly are contributing to the decline. But the somber truth is that the sea lamprey, an eel-like creature from the Atlantic Ocean, has invaded the Great Lakes and is wreaking havoc which has no parallel in recorded history. As the United States Fish and Wildlife Service puts it: "The fisheries of the Great Lakes are suffering from a biological disaster."

To learn the truth about the situation, I took a 1,500 mile tour of the Great Lakes in the fall of 1949. This is what I found:

The story of the fishing on Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior sounds like a dirge over a dying industry. In St. Ignace, I. H. Kolbe, leading wholesaler and fisherman for 17 years around the Straits of

Mackinac (where Huron and Michigan waters meet), showed me several boxes of freshly caught whitefish.

"Look at that!" he exploded. "Three hundred pounds of fish for the past four days. And all but 15 pounds got lamprey holes in 'em."

Kolbe elaborated: "Before the lampreys came, those fish would be worth more than \$100. Now what do I get? Maybe four, five bucks."

According to Kolbe, lake trout fishing in his area is nonexistent and whitefish not worth going after, both because of lampreys. Kolbe says there isn't a fisherman in St. Ignace who had made a living last year, and 45 individual operators financed by him have been forced to quit, all owing money.

In Tawas City, upper Lake Huron, Maurice Hayes, 25 year old ex-GI who has sunk all his capital in the commercial fishing business, hasn't been able to fill New York orders for whitefish for the past few months. Ralph Lixey of the same area was operating but one boat in place of his accustomed three. His catch of lake trout dropped from a yearly average of 4,000 boxes to 300 last year, when he quit fishing for that species.

Tom Brown of Whitefish Bay,



The lamprey, whose disc-like head is shown here, is imperiling the livelihood of 5,000 business men, the jobs of their hired hands and a \$12,000,000 a year fishing industry

PHOTOS BY MICHIGAN DEPT. OF CONSERVATION



Lake Superior, with 39 years of fishing behind him and as one of the largest operators in eastern Lake Superior, declares lampreys are beginning to ruin the whitefish and lake trout fishing in his area.

In port after port from which the 5,000 licensed U. S. commercial fishermen ply their trade the story was repeated. Small operators with but single boats and large operators with fleets foresaw eventual ruin in the warfare being waged in the waters of the Great Lakes. At stake are the livelihood of 5,000 independent business men, plus the jobs of their hired hands, an industry with an annual turnover of \$12,000,000, and food resources of 100,000,000 pounds a year.

Roy Jensen, president of Jensen & Jensen of Escanaba on upper Green Bay, Lake Michigan, is doing well now with suckers and yellow pike. The day I arrived there he shipped his first load by air to New York via the Meteor Air Transport Company. But Jensen is having troubles, too—lamprey troubles. He pointed to a box of suckers, all badly scarred.

"I can't ship a load like that," he complained. "And the local trade won't take 'em. With lake trout gone and whitefish going, these damn lampreys are even killing suckers."

BACK in southern Michigan, Swedish-born Lars Larson of Mackinaw City shakes his head forbiddingly and says that fishing in his area is a thing of the past.

Further south at Charlevoix and Grand Traverse Bay, the once active fleets of sports trollers are laid up. Lake trout is the principal prize of charter boatmen, and with that species gone, expensive boats, gear and equipment are almost a total loss.

Claude Ver Duin, vice-president of the Great Lakes Fisheries Association, flatly says the sea lamprey already has reached the Mississippi River via the Chicago drainage canal and, unless checked, in time will spread havoc in inland waters. Ver Duin blames sportsmen to some extent for the spread of the lamprey. He claims that anglers have released young lampreys in lakes after using them for bait.

In only one sizable section of the Great Lakes did I find a major decline not attributed to lampreys. That is in Saginaw Bay, Lake Huron, where P. W. Kavanaugh, who once operated 30 boats, has abandoned them and is now shipping in fish from Canada and Lake Erie. According to Kavanaugh, the once prolific yellow pike in Sagi-

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naw Bay have been wiped out by industrial pollution.

Although the depredations of the sea lamprey are relatively new, the beast has been long familiar to Lake Ontario. Originally a marine creature, it pursued a life cycle like that of the Pacific salmon, the adults spawning and dying in fresh water, and the resultant young returning to the ocean. As far as is known, it did not prey upon fresh-water fish.

With the opening of the Welland Canal in 1922, the lamprey moved into Lake Erie. From there it progressed up the Detroit River to Lake Huron and eventually across the Straits of Mackinac to Lake Michigan. Finally it negotiated the Soo Rapids into Lake Superior.

It wasn't until 1939 that fishermen in Lake Huron began to realize that sea lampreys in numbers were killing lake trout. For the past ten years the American catch of lake trout in Huron has gone downward steadily from the average yearly 1,500,000 pounds in 1939 to 5,000 pounds in 1948. *From January until May of last year, States fishermen caught only 181 pounds of trout in Lake Huron!*

The waters of Lake Michigan show a parallel, but not quite so serious a decline. And now Lake Superior trout are beginning to fall off due to the ravages of the sea lamprey.

Lake trout virtually wiped out in Huron, badly depleted in Michigan and affected in Superior, the lamprey now is turning its attention to other species in the Great Lakes. Whitefish are next, with suckers and chubs following. All these species are showing marked declines in Huron, and are being hit in Michigan and Superior. Even yellow pike, previously thought impervious to attack, are being scarred.

While killings by lampreys have been mounting in the past ten years, scientists of the Fish and Wildlife Service and the various lake states conservation agencies have been studying the creature and have come up with some startling conclusions.

It is established that the sea lamprey has forsaken its ocean-going habits and is living its full life cycle in the Great Lakes. Although it is known to be in Lake Erie, for some reason it seldom attacks fish there. Only in Lakes Huron, Michigan and, recently,

Superior is the terrible damage being wrought. Lake Ontario doesn't enter the commercial fisheries picture.

Why Lake Erie waters are immune, nobody knows for sure. Fishermen say the waters of Erie are too shallow and warm for the lamprey, which prefers the cooler, deeper waters of the western Great Lakes. If that is so, then Ver Duin's argument that lampreys will eventually wreak havoc in the Mississippi River area would seem to be refuted. However, scientists have not expressed themselves on this point yet.

It has been learned that lampreys ascend streams which empty into the western Great Lakes to spawn and die. But there is this difference: When the young emerge from the larval stage after about five years of living in mud banks, they don't return to the ocean. *They live for three more in the Great Lakes killing fish!* After

cept possibly the pike, both yellow and blue, which some fishermen claim will eat young lampreys.

So far, scientists have come up with only one fact which conceivably could lead to the checking of the lamprey. That is, the creatures will die without spawning if they fail to reach their spawning beds.

Suggestions and pleas from commercial fishermen and anglers are pouring by the score into Lansing, Madison and other lake state capitals as well as the Fish and Wildlife Service headquarters in Washington. Use flame throwers on the mud banks where the lampreys congregate in the larval stage; pay a bounty on every adult lamprey caught; put traps across streams emptying into the Great Lakes; use lights to catch and destroy lampreys at night; introduce pike into lamprey-infested waters; raise more fish in hatcheries.

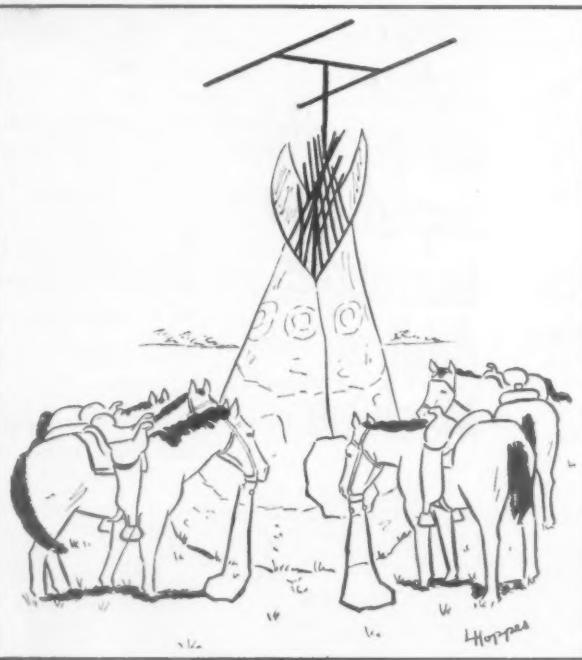
The Michigan Department of Conservation and the Fish and Wildlife Service have already tried catching lampreys during their spawning runs. Three traps, or weirs, have been erected, and one on the Ocqueoc River has landed 20,000 lampreys in less than a year. This would indicate that trapping lampreys might be the answer. But—and it is a big "but"—effective weirs cost up to \$5,000 each. There are 108 streams in Michigan alone that empty into the western Great Lakes. The state conservation department hasn't got that kind of money. Neither has the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Fishermen maintain that the Government has started the fight too late, that something should have been begun in 1939 when lampreys first appeared in

Lake Huron.

However, the situation has come to a boil. The Fish and Wildlife Service is alert to the menace, and through the efforts of Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan a request for \$256,000 was included in the 1950 appropriation for the Department of the Interior. The fund will be used to purchase, equip and staff a "floating laboratory," designed to cruise the Great Lakes, intensifying lamprey studies to seek some method of extermination or control. A further appropriation of \$216,000 a year for nine years is authorized to carry on the new research program.

One of the major objectives of



that, they return to the streams again to spawn and die, each female laying an average of 60,500 eggs.

The appearance of an adult, two-foot sea lamprey clamped on a live fish is enough to shock a strong-nerved man. Its writhing length is surmounted by a disc-like head attached to the fish's side or belly. Vicious teeth have pierced through scales and a rasp of a tongue is sucking the blood and juices from its victim. Although the killer prefers fish with soft scales or skin, it can bore through a sturgeon's tough hide.

As far as is yet known, the lamprey has no natural enemies ex-

the research program is to discover and develop, if possible, a parasite which will prey on lampreys. This is considered a difficult problem. Scientists consider further upsetting of Nature's balance as potential dynamite and fear they might let loose something more destructive than even the lamprey.

The invasion of the lampreys is also focusing attention on a treaty with Canada for control of the Great Lakes fisheries.

Such a treaty first was proposed by Michigan in 1875. Since then, 53 meetings and public hearings of various kinds were held until on Aug. 6, 1942, the International Board of Inquiry submitted a report that led to the drafting and negotiating of the treaty that is now before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The treaty was signed by the United States and Canada on April 2, 1946, and has been referred to the Senate by President Truman for consent as to ratification.

SPURRED by the lamprey situation, and other factors, the lake states on the whole are for it. They feel that the fisheries problems of the Great Lakes are too big for them to handle individually, and that centralization of funds and control are necessary for effective results. Sports fishermen and the Izaac Walton League also favor it.

Against the treaty are many commercial fishermen and the state of Ohio, as represented by Rep. Alvin Weichel. The commercial fishermen feel that taking authority from their individual state governments will remove their separate problems so far from home that they can't get action on them. Weichel speaks for the commercial fishing interests of Ohio, who have regulations in Lake Erie much to their liking and wish no change. He asserts that the international treaty will "give the U. S. fisheries of the Great Lakes to the King of England."

Most people concerned are convinced that with or without the international treaty, the combined resources of the interested states, the United States and Canada, must be utilized if the lakes fisheries are to be saved. They are not content to wait on nature.

At all events, they figure there are enough evils besetting the fisheries, and that if nothing is done to halt them, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in the foreseeable future the 90,000 square mile expanse of those inland seas will be as devoid of fish life as the Gobi Desert.



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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Who'll Pick up the Pieces?

By PHIL GUSTAFSON

DON'T LET your estate become a jigsaw puzzle. If you do, it may take your heirs months to unscramble it

DOROTHY LeBLANC, tall, blonde, and 34, hung up her wrinkled white uniform and dressed in the smart black suit in which, 36 hours before, she had come to work in the crowded suburban hospital where she served as supervisor. With a last look at her new hat in the dressing room mirror, she walked wearily out of the building and dragged herself four blocks up the avenue to her apartment. There she unknowingly proceeded

Her scattered personal effects alone took many weeks to gather up. Friends said she had a tidy chunk of securities—a legacy from her family—but these were nowhere in evidence. Cabinets were ransacked. Drawers were turned upside down, rugs shaken out and upholstery opened at the seams.

Several valuable pieces of jewelry came to light. These had been stuffed away in dresser drawers and hidden in the pockets of suits. A teapot yielded several hundred dollars. A kitchen cabinet gave up a passbook to a bank—but a bank in another city. Then another bankbook turned up—in an old candy box—along with some scraps of family records. They pointed to a large Canadian city as the woman's residence of record. Hours were spent poring over bundles of old letters. From these, at last, the names of two cousins emerged. These were the nearest of kin, apparently, but no nearer than France. After much international correspondence, the administrator worked his way back through the lives of a family. He traced the voyages of a father who had been a sea captain. He ran down the emigration of a widowed mother who had died in Canada. He followed a slender family thread



Bankbooks, letters—even a teapot may hold vital clues

to turn herself into an authentic detective mystery.

Worn out after a long turn of volunteer duty on top of her regular schedule, she filled the coffee pot, set it on the gas stove and lay down on the couch until the coffee should boil. In a few minutes she was asleep. The coffee boiled over and put out the flame. Then, as gas filled the room, Miss LeBlanc quietly began catching up on the months of sleep she'd lost in ten years' hard duty.

Police could find no will or any clue to close relatives, so—as police do in such cases—they turned the matter over to the public administrator of the county. It took him three years to assemble the jigsaw of the life so abruptly ended.



A gravestone inscription led one lawyer to the legal heirs

to an uncle in South Africa. There he found the legal heir.

But there was little money for the heir to inherit until a furniture mover one day ran into bad luck in his work. He broke a large bedroom mirror. And behind the heavy brown paper with which it was backed were thousands of dollars in bonds. Just where Miss LeBlanc had put them!

Dorothy LeBlanc was not her name, but the facts were those of a recent case in a city near New York. It illustrates the tangled state in which people can leave their affairs when they pass on through the pearly gates. Often they unthinkingly precipitate those who have to handle their estates into complex patterns of human behavior that make the average "whodunit" look like a chapter out of the third reader.

People seem to carry the impression that they're leaving their affairs in apple pie order, whereas there's more often hash on the menu. A checking account turns up in one city, a savings account in another. Some people keep stock certificates in the piano. Check stubs, income tax records and memoranda are unearthed all over the house—or sometimes never appear at all. Dad tells everybody in the family that he has made his will, but when he dies, nobody knows where he put it. Careful investors leave their bonds tucked away in a safe deposit box and no word where the box may be found!

So prevalent is this bond game that the *Safe Deposit Bulletin*, published by the New York State



If you have a safe deposit box, tell someone where it is

Safe Deposit Association, devotes a whole section each month to advertisements of heirs seeking lost boxes. Answers filter back from all over the membership of 900 separate banks and the thousands of branches they run. Safe deposit associations in other states follow similar practices. State laws permit the banks to break open safe deposit boxes after the rent goes unpaid for a specified period, and each year every big bank has to crack them open by the dozen.

Trust officers and estate specialists throughout the American Bankers Association agree that those who die leaving their estates in various degrees of disorganization compose by far the majority. But nobody has ever been able to measure how large this majority really is, because there is no standard by which the degree of disorder can be gauged.

Recognizing the need for facts, an ABA committee is currently running a survey of estate practices. Its principal aim is to learn just how to employ the services of more experienced trust officers in handling and closing estates—instead of leaving this highly specialized job to the tender but amateur mercies of relatives and friends.

"It's rare to find a man who does leave everything in good order," says Earl MacNeill, vice-president of the Irving Trust Company in New York and a member of the ABA survey committee. "In the majority of cases there's plenty that's wrong. The will of the average business man is anything but realistically planned; he gives you only the foggiest picture of what his business life is like."

One measure of the situation is the number who die without wills. A survey of the Chicago probate courts over a period of 20 years showed that 60 per cent of those who died failed to leave one. In 12 of the nation's largest cities over a five-year period, 51 per cent failed to leave wills. And in just about any community you take, more than half the people die intestate.

Women are far more methodical than men in the way they leave their affairs, say those who handle estates. Among men, artists, lawyers and doctors are probably worst of all. Many small town doctors have no one to keep their accounts. When they die, a lot of patients forget the babies and appendectomies that haven't been paid for.

Trust officers say a business man may operate his business as a model of efficiency, but that more



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One widow didn't know the banks her husband had used

often than not he leaves his personal affairs in an awful mess when he dies.

The case of a midwest jeweler named Hall illustrates the point. His store stood out for its modern design and up-to-date merchandising. Hall was always out in front in every civic activity. His store netted him an income of around \$30,000. He took pride in his credit rating and paid his bills in time to get the best discounts. But when he died, he left his wife with almost nothing, and his mother had to go to an old folks' home.

Hall had left no will. The court named his wife administrator. But his lawyer—a service buddy—did the work. The store's accounts receivable were a mess. The jeweler had made many personal loans and never took a note. There was no record of personal bills payable, so it was open season for fraudulent claims. He left no list of assets. His wife knew nothing of his financial affairs. As a result Mrs. Hall didn't even know what banks he used. The lawyer had to write to banks all over the area. He spent almost a month making out an income tax return. He put in many weeks on the Hall estate—weeks devoted to the memory of a friend—because there was no money to pay his fee.

Someone had to put together the pieces. And this someone is the person who is named to settle the estate—an executor if there's a will; an administrator if there isn't. Sometimes the person turns out to be the widow, sometimes the family lawyer, or a lifelong friend. Often the job is too much for one person and the whole family has to be called together in solemn conclave. Then each one contributes his bit of information until the puzzle can be completely assembled.

People shove those who settle their estates into years of hard

work by their failure to leave even the simplest kind of a list of relatives. Sometimes the executor or administrator spends years hunting for heirs and assets. It took eight years to crack one of the toughest nuts of them all—the million-dollar mystery of Ida Wood, widow of the publisher of the old New York *Daily News*. The detective in this instance was Joseph A. Cox, senior partner in the firm of Cox and Arenson, attorneys for the public administrator of New York County.

When Ida Wood died in 1932, there were 1,103 claimants who said they were her relatives; 616 of them went to court. The search for her real heirs became a modern detective classic. Cox had to plow through personal effects that filled 20 trunks and room after room of



People pick queer places to hide money—such as shoes

heirlooms and old furnishings. Securities and money had been left scattered through all these rooms or had taken root in a dozen banks and institutions. There were thousands of letters and notes. Some called Ida a Mayfield, some a Crawford; some indicated she had been a Walsh, a Welsh or even a Welch.

In her younger days, Ida had been the darling of New York society. People said she was the daughter of a Louisiana judge named Mayfield and a member of one of the South's leading families. Cox found this was a fiction. The "fine old southern family" had been invented to make her seem a good match for Benjamin Wood, congressman, publisher and brother of a New York mayor.

From a rose-colored memo book, Cox got a tip that Ida had been the daughter of Thomas Walsh, an English workman, and Anna Crawford, who had been married in 1836. This clue led him to a family burial plot where he proved the parents' names from a gravestone.

From the hundreds of claimants,

Surrogate James A. Foley selected ten heirs in the fifth degree of kinship. He thought it a good time to stress the value of written family accounts and records.

"The Chinese have a proverb," he wrote in his opinion, "that the palest ink is better than the most retentive memory."

It's largely because people lose their bankbooks, or tuck the things away where no one can find them, that banks in New York State last year turned over nearly \$1,000,000 in unclaimed deposits. Officials of the American Bankers Association say it's a safe bet that unclaimed accounts over the country run to more than \$25,000,000 a year.

The U. S. Treasury reports that buyers have failed to cash in \$83,000,000 worth of Series A, B and C savings bonds—that's 4.16 per cent of the total—and these now lie idle, drawing no interest.

People play the same games with their insurance policies that they play with their money, bankbooks and bonds. It's the same hectic hunt all over again. And even when the wife does locate the policy, she often finds it was taken out in the first flush of the honeymoon and never looked at since. It would take care of her nicely if she didn't have three growing children.

People add to the general confusion by the eccentric places they hide their wealth. They roll bills up in the window shades. They cache hundreds of dollars in old shoes. They hide all kinds of precious articles in the flush tanks of toilets. Women pin jewelry in the linings of the gowns in their closets. One man had hundreds of dollars in \$5 bills hidden in the envelopes of birthday cards that he'd saved through the years.

The biggest part of one retired grocer's estate came near to being accidentally burned by Earl MacNeill, then lawyer for the estate.

"I figured this old fellow had



Valuables are often cached where no one can find them

delusions of grandeur," he told me, "because the will gave away about \$125,000, but all I could find was about \$20,000 in bank accounts plus a house worth the same amount. One day I was working over the old house with a couple of appraisers, listing and pricing all the oddments of furniture.

"I was about to empty an old brass coal scuttle into the stove, where we were burning rubbish to dispel the chill, when a glint of green caught my eye. Poking beneath the layers of newspapers. I dug out one bundle of old green paper after another until I had \$90,000 worth of prime, payable-to-bearer bonds. He had more than enough to pay all bequests."

It's common for a man to make a will and then put it where the family can't find it. In many cases such fellows are not to be blamed, because if Aunt Minnie knew what was in the will there'd be the devil to pay. But people become ingenuous about it.

Everybody should make a will, say legal authorities. If you don't, the state steps in and distributes your property according to iron-bound laws of descent which may give money that your wife needs to a black sheep.

Studies in 20 cities show that 31.2 per cent of those who make wills have them drawn within a year of their death. This indicates too many of the "deathbed" or "last illness" variety of will, say the experts, and these wills are constantly being broken.

Haste was the mistake of a small manufacturer named Bentz who made a well-known household gadget in his plant in South Chicago. Bentz blew into the office of his lawyer one morning and asked to have his will drawn right away. He was flying to Europe the next day, he said, and wanted it ready to sign before he took a plane to New York that evening.

"I want to leave \$25,000 to each of my four sons," he told the lawyer, "and \$25,000 to my mother. The rest is to go to my wife in trust, payable to the boys on her death. I want you to take all the taxes out of her share so the boys can have theirs clear."

Bentz estimated his estate at more than \$300,000: a \$30,000 house, at least \$15,000 in personal effects, \$5,000 in cash and \$250,000 in the stock of his firm—half the corporate total. He signed the will that night and took off on his trip. The trip itself went smoothly, but three weeks after his return, Bentz died of pneumonia.

When the estate was settled



Two quarter-century concrete streets.
Upper photo: Sixth Street, Sheboygan.
Lower Photo: Milton Avenue, Janesville.

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Bentz had cut his wife off without a cent. The details were these: There were no liquid assets. Company stock, put up on forced sale, brought less than half its value. Inheritance taxes were heavy. The \$25,000 cash bequests ate up what money was left. In his hurry, Bentz had planned badly. He'd also neglected insurance.

But lawyers say the commonest fault of the average business man is his failure to plan his estate. Thus, in case after case, the head of a business dies, making no provision for its continuance. "Big Jim" Hadley was an example.

The man was a dynamo of energy. He worked 12, 14 hours a day as a manufacturer's agent. At 49, Jim Hadley died of a heart attack.

The Hadleys had always lived

well and entertained lavishly. Mrs. Hadley and the three daughters had thought they were pretty well fixed. Now they were not only broke; they owed a lot more than they had.

Hadley's capital was small but his business had earned about \$100,000 a year. So, purely on the basis of these earnings, government appraisers set the value of the firm at \$500,000, and the family found itself stuck with taxes of more than \$150,000. Yet so much was the business a product of the dynamo personality of the man who ran it that the family could hardly have realized more than \$100,000 at best. The catch was that there wasn't any business, because there was nobody to carry it on.

A man's will can get out of date

A Star-Spangled Business

THE distinguished-looking elderly woman entered a New York store, walked up to a clerk and deftly took a diamond pin from the neck of her dress. With a quick movement she plunged it into a vein of her left hand. The clerk gasped in amazement as blood spurted on the woman's handkerchief.

"I want you," said the visitor calmly, "to make me a Confederate battle flag with the red the exact color of this blood."

Then Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the Confederate President, walked out. A short time later, the order was filled.

Today, as Annin & Company starts its second century, the clerk who waited on Mrs. Davis is president of the firm. Much of the business that makes Louis Annin Ames' firm the oldest and largest flagmaking company in the world is the filling of sentimental orders.

Annin's all-time best seller, of course, is the Stars and Stripes, for which it has 150,000 patterns. Possibly the largest and smallest U. S. flags ever manufactured have been sold by this firm. The smallest, the size of a postage stamp, is used on birthday cakes. The largest is a 60 by 90 foot version that is flown on holidays at the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge, over the Hudson River.

Among the unusual versions of Old Glory are those flags on which the stars and stripes are raised like dots of the braille alphabet for use at homes for the blind. Flags with fluorescent stars and stripes are used for theatrical purposes.

Annin has provided flags for many historical occasions. In 1849, the firm supplied flags for the inauguration of Pres. Zachary Taylor and since then there have been Annin flags at every inauguration. During the Civil War, it filled orders for flags for Garibaldi's army in Italy and for the coronation of ill-fated Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. The company made the first official flags for the republics of Brazil, Panama and Portugal.

In its Verona, N. Y., factory 600 employees turn out inexpensive flags by machine and the more costly types by hand. One of the factory's features is the arrangement of wooden troughs beneath each sewing machine which keeps flags from falling to the floor.

It is true that revolutions mean new flags and therefore more business for the company, but Annin's also served peace by outfitting the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success with one of the most elaborate collections of flags ever assembled.

—IRV LEIBERMAN

unless he reviews it often. Personal relationships change and children keep being born. As a matter of fact, most wills need to be reviewed right now to take advantage of the new marital deductions in the Revenue Act of 1948.

One good thing usually comes out of making a will: a man usually gets into some kind of elementary estate planning. A well informed lawyer or trust officer can often help him detect tricky legal or business situations that may mean the difference between comfort and hard times for his heirs.

As for personal effects, it's easy enough to put them in shape for emergency by taking six simple steps:

1. Keep a record of your assets that discloses where they are to be found: cash, securities, insurance policies, deeds, agreements and the like. Your safe deposit box can be the focal point for their storage. But tell someone where your box is.

2. Make lists of all your domestic valuables, with numbers and identifications. On a man's list can go his dress accessories, guns, cameras, watches and so forth. On a woman's, her jewels, furs and silver.

3. Work out a simple genealogy list showing nearest relatives.

4. Place in a locked file drawer, or some similar storage, your old income tax returns, canceled checks, savings bank books, a record of loans and accounts, veteran's service papers, social security card and birth certificate. Tell your lawyer or executor where these things are stored.

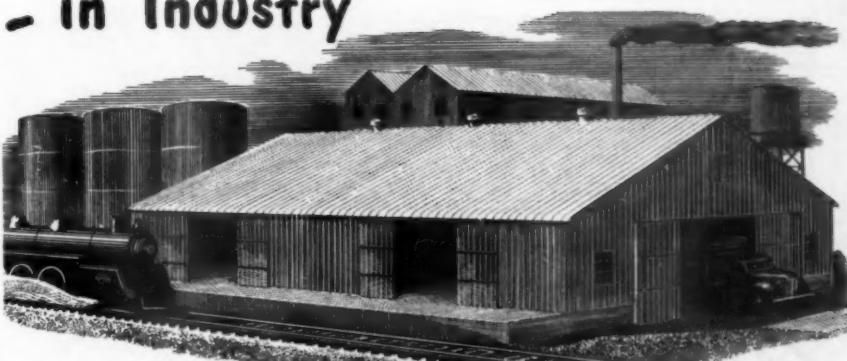
5. File your will in a safe deposit box or safe. Then notify your next of kin or executor. Safest of all, file it with the clerk of the probate court.

6. Let your heirs know about papers and effects that may be of great value.

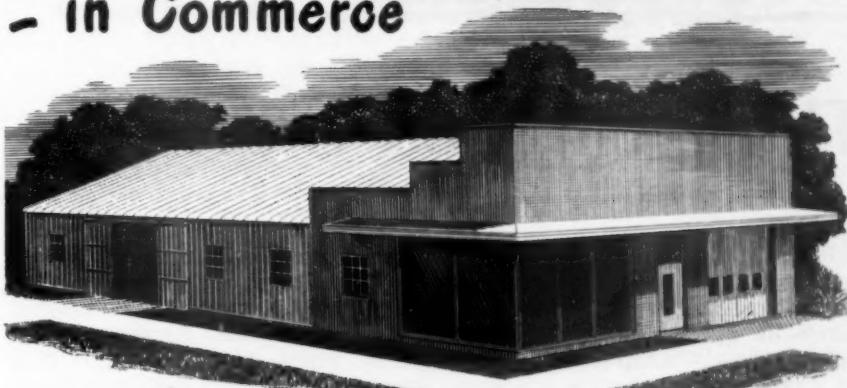
Lawyers who offer these rules admit, however, that the troubles caused by man's age-old habit of acquiring property are bound to be many at best. One philosophical attorney who has spent most of his life disposing of other people's property—without acquiring much of his own—says he's often consoled by a clause from the will of Rabelais, written in 1553. A framed copy of this clause hangs near his desk. It reads:

"I have no available property, I owe a great deal; the rest I leave to the poor."

- in Industry



- in Commerce



- in Farming



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They Whipped the Times

FOR A long time it has been a popular belief that nothing—including possibly even Confederate money—is quite as worthless as stock in a buggy whip factory.

It turns out that this old saw needs revision. Stock in Turner and Cook, the only company in the country still producing rawhide whip centers, is valuable indeed.

Last year, for instance, the company sold 98,548 whip centers. This was more, in dollar and weight volume, than it had sold any other year since it started making whips in 1892. It also turns out rawhide mallets and rawhide pins for joining machine belts. But a big part of its gross income—\$230,000 last year—still comes from the sale of whip centers.

Curiously enough, there have been few major changes made inside the Turner and Cook factory in Southfield, Mass., in the past 25 years. The present owners still run the enterprise from a small office at one corner of the building. An ancient roll-top desk stands against one wall; opposite it there is an elbow-high bookkeeper's counter which is still used. Telephone calls go out over a hand-cranked box fixed to an upright beam. In the shops some employees work at the same benches and machines used by their fathers and grandfathers before them.

Palmer J. Cook, who joined the company as a young man in 1925, is now president. Hadley K. Turner, who started out as a clerk at about the same time, is treasurer. Dudley, the youngest Turner, is assistant treasurer.

The buggy whip itself, however, has undergone some notable changes. For one thing, the horse

population has dwindled from 30,000,000 at the turn of the century to 9,000,000. Nowadays, the biggest whip users are the nation's stockyards, where herdsmen and beef salesmen use up six- or seven-foot-long whips in gross lots to herd cattle through the yards or cut choice animals out of the packs. Most of Turner and Cook's production is concentrated on its "jumbo" whips and it is not unusual for a single jobber's order to call for 15,000 of them.

Harness racing, everyday gaining in popularity, is providing a new and growing market. Dog trainers and horse show and circus ringmasters have always provided a small but dependable market, along with the few thousand people around the country who have not yet acknowledged the motor-car. The latter must be content with a smaller version of the stock-yard whip, cut down to three feet so it will fit inside the cabin of a teamster's truck. However, the modern whip lacks such old-time fripperies as hand-tooled gold or silver mounting and ivory insets.

MOST of the company's rawhide centers are shipped to Westfield, 35 miles away. There, in two small finishing plants, they are encased in rattan stocks, wound with red, black, blue or linen-colored thread, tipped with leather, buckskin or linen braids and shipped off to jobbers.

Between 1890 and 1915 at least 40 buggy whip plants were going full speed in Westfield. They ranged in size from the American Whip Company, which employed more than 500 people and often turned out 15,000 whips a day, to

small shops, which filled orders for gold, silver and ivory mounts.

Westfield's two remaining finishing factories employ fewer than 60 people. In busy seasons their combined output is about 4,000 finished whips a week. This, together with Turner and Cook's business, would place the industry's total income at around \$300,000 a year.

Turner and Cook, which has always been the main source of supply for Westfield's factories, got its real start in 1888 when Julius Turner, who had run away from home at the age of 15, came back to Southfield to live. With his cousin, Howard Cook, as partner, young Turner went into the business of making leather halters. He borrowed one corner of the tiny factory which his father, an expert tanner, had been using to make buckskin braids.

The cousins converted to whip-making around 1892. Whalebone, the material used for whip centers until then, had become scarce and expensive. The industry settled on rawhide as the best substitute. The company developed a hand-cranked machine which could turn, grind and taper off rawhide centers at the rate of about three a minute. Some of its parts have been replaced 25 or 30 times but the machine is still used to fill small orders.

By 1910, when the industry was at its peak, the factory had grown to its present size. In place of the hand-cranked machine, Julius Turner had invented a contraption which even today works fine. It accepts four lengths of rough rawhide at a time, guides them through a series of grinding wheels and pops them out the other side smooth as the surface of a billiard cue and just as perfectly tapered.

Today, for the first time in many years, young people are going into the business. In Southfield and in Westfield, fully a dozen young ex-GI's are learning the whipmaker's craft. One of Westfield's two remaining plants is owned by a young ex-Boston newspaper reporter, Harold K. Martin. Martin took over an abandoned dance casino three years ago, bought up the equipment of a defunct manufacturer, and went into business.

Regardless of the fate of the horse and buggy in this country, and until somebody discovers a way to herd cattle by radar, the nation's stockyards will keep the tiny but still very much alive whip industry doing at least as well as it is doing right now.

—CLIVE HOWARD

The Charms of Music

IN JANUARY, 1930, Joseph Johnson, one of New Haven's leading merchants, sought the help of fellow townsman, Harry Berman, in organizing a community project which has resulted in the Johnson Juvenile Symphony, reportedly the only one of its kind in the United States.

About 3,000 boys and girls between the ages of eight and 18 who can read music have been members. It is noteworthy that none of them has become a juvenile delinquent, although Johnson's aim was only to help young people acquire a love of good music through their own playing.

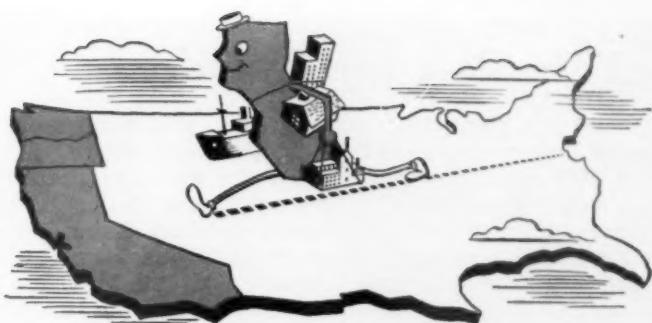
For his part, Johnson provided the rehearsal quarters—in his store—and supplied such necessary equipment as stands and music. But more important, he won the assistance of Berman, a fine violinist who plays and conducts for the New Haven Symphony Orchestra and, in addition, teaches a large class of students and frequently broadcasts over local radio stations.

To get the project under way, an advertisement was run in the papers inviting children to attend a Saturday morning rehearsal. Some 89 youngsters turned up—85 of whom Berman asked to play for him. The other four, unfortunately, performed on instruments not used in a symphony orchestra. This method worked so well that it is still being used by Johnson's associates to recruit additional talent for the organization.

Although there has never been a roll call, the same kids who reply to the invitation—issued each year shortly after school begins—faithfully attend the weekly rehearsals. They are proud to be chosen as members of the symphony for they know they will perform in the concerts which are sold out far in advance. They also will take part in other musical events, like those connected with New Haven's music week, civic celebrations and the various holiday projects.

Needless to say, the youngsters work hard to improve their playing. They are anxious to please Berman who has infinite patience with them and who enjoys their progress and performance as much as their parents do.

—ELEANOR M. MARSHALL



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E. Lin Pan, the Laundryman

(Continued from page 39) heartiest, most fraternal manner, said: "Hi-ya, Charlie! How are things in the laundry business?"

Pan manages to turn this kind of thinking to his own advantage, by coming up with odd bits of technical information to solve his customers' most difficult laundering problems—which makes him out to be more of an expert than he actually is.

Once, for example, a waitress was complaining that the machines wouldn't remove spots from her uniforms. The next day Pan typed out a little note to her in which he stated authoritatively: "You can remove these spots, first by rubbing some hot water on them, then by making up a solution of one part of three per cent hydrogen peroxide to 18 parts of water and letting the uniforms soak in it."

This advice worked. The stains were removed and the woman thought he was wonderful. How did he do it? "Well," he admitted, "I figured that since she was a waitress they were probably fruit or coffee stains. So I found out how to remove such stains."

Then, there's that old turkey about, "Darn clever, these Chinese." Certainly Professor Pan does nothing to disillusion people on this score—particularly in the diplomatic way he extricates himself from difficult situations that arise from time to time.

Some women, for example, drop off their laundry, then go shopping or to a movie and return some hours later to ask him, "Is my wash done yet?"

There may be 30 or 40 baskets of laundry lying around at the time, but somehow they always expect him to remember theirs. "That's when I use a little trick," he tells you. "I always say, 'Well, let's go and see.' And, I make them lead the way. I never admit I don't know where their laundry is and ask to see their tickets. That would make it too cold—and, after all, this is a personal service business."

Other women accustomed to such personal service will come in after an absence of two or three weeks (and perhaps 800 washes removed from their previous visit) and casually say, "Please do the same things you did last time." There are, of course, dozens of different operations—and combinations thereof—that can be per-

formed in a laundromat. But Pan never acts confused. He merely looks the wash over carefully, figures out what is needed and says, "Two machines, one bleach, the dryer and ironer, same as last time, right? And this time don't forget to tie those pajama strings together!"

When he's really stuck, he will rub his head boyishly and say, "You know, I have the darndest memory! I wish you'd help me out." This show of candor is almost always good for a sympathetic chuckle and a retelling over the bridge table or the back fence, which is where the new customers come from.

tomers, a woman who runs a rooming house, came gushing around. "Oh," she said, "I just knew you were different! Just listening to you talk, I was simply sure you were a man of culture. You must come around to visit us some evening. It is so seldom one meets a truly cultured man, especially in your business!"

Whereupon, Pan turned to her gravely, bowed in his best Charlie Chan manner and said, "Madam, I should be delighted. Culture is like love. It is best seen through the eyes of those who are themselves blessed with it."

Professor Pan has been in the laundromat business only since last May, but from the very first day people have gone out of their way to demonstrate their friendliness and good will toward him. A fast-talking, urbane man, his eyes



No matter how modernized a Chinese is, he is expected every now and then to voice some Confucius-like saying, attesting to the inner tranquillity of his soul or the ancient wisdom of his race. Pan is not above living up to these expectations.

A few weeks after he had opened his Woodside, Long Island, place, there was a short write-up in a local newspaper, relating something of his background as a college professor, business man and so on. The next day, one of his first cus-

tomers, a woman who runs a rooming house, came gushing around. "Oh," she said, "I just knew you were different! Just listening to you talk, I was simply sure you were a man of culture. You must come around to visit us some evening. It is so seldom one meets a truly cultured man, especially in your business!"

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cloud over with unexpected sentimentality when he tells you about the reception people have given him since he set up shop. "This good-will business," he said, "is something that almost makes me want to cry for joy. People come up to me in the street to wish me luck, ask me how things are going or simply to shake my hand and tell me they're sure I'll make good here."

A week after he opened his Woodside store, there was a little trouble. The owner of another



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mechanical laundry about a half mile away, sensing competition, tried to bring charges against Pan, on the ground that he hadn't properly applied for a license. During the lawsuit that followed, Pan's place was closed for almost three weeks. In August, however, he won the case and reopened the store. That first night, just when he was about to close up, a man carrying a huge bundle knocked on the window.

"We're closing up," Pan told him. "You'll have to come back tomorrow."

"You've got to help me!" the man said. "I've been saving up this laundry for weeks, ever since you closed. I didn't want to go to the other guy's place so I've been buying new socks, underwear, shirts and handkerchiefs every day, just to keep going. And now I'm broke. I've just got to have my laundry done tonight—otherwise, I'll have nothing to wear to work tomorrow!"

Somehow, Pan's Long Island place has become a kind of neighborhood hangout and social center. The local high school crowd does its homework there, while waiting for the family wash to be done. And, every afternoon at 5:30, neighborhood storekeepers drop around for a cup of coffee.

Among the Chinese population

of New York, Pan's impression has been somewhat less spectacular than among Americans. Few people in Chinatown have heard about him as yet, since he is somewhat divorced from what he considers their "ghettoized" way of life. But his own friends are talking and through this word-of-mouth advertising, he has succeeded so far in bringing three Chinese into the business. All three of these are several social stripes above the usual type of Chinese laundryman. There is one Paris-educated architect and his wife, a Soochow University graduate, who manage the New York store and a New York University doctor of philosophy candidate who once worked there part time during the summer. Several Chinese laundrymen also have come around to peek warily into his window, then poke around his machines and ask a lot of questions. So far, one elderly gentleman has been won over to the extent of admitting that, while he himself is too old for such a revolutionary change-over, he was thinking of setting up his son, an ex-GI, as a laundromat operator.

Right now, Pan is biding his time until the first year's operations are at an end. Then, he expects to write some articles for various Chinese-language newspapers around the country, telling about his experi-

Business and Government

THE President's Committee on Business and Government Relations has sent out a questionnaire to determine procedures which may improve relations between government and business. Reasons why business should take interest in this questionnaire are given in "Management's Washington Letter," page 15. The questions are:

1. Under present federal laws against monopolies, restraints of trade, and unfair competition, what new procedures, if any, are needed in order to: a, increase public understanding, b, promote voluntary compliance, c, bring about more effective enforcement, or d, otherwise make these laws more effective in promoting competition? What changes in existing procedures are needed for these same purposes?

2. What changes, if any, are needed in the scope and character of present exemptions from the antitrust laws? a, Should any exemptions be withdrawn or modified? b, Should any new exemptions be granted? c, Are additional safeguards needed to protect the public against abuses under existing exemptions?

3. What changes, if any, are needed in present penalties for violation of the laws relating to monopoly, restraint of trade, and unfair competition?

4. What other changes, if any, in present laws relating to monopoly, restraint of trade, and unfair competition, or what supplemental legislation, is needed to make these laws more effective in promoting competition?

5. What changes, if any, are needed in existing laws, policies or practices in various fields of Governmental activity (other than those referred to in the questions above) to promote competition or prevent monopoly and excessive concentration? Consider in particular the extent to which such laws, policies, or practices may: a, discourage or prevent the establishment of new and independent enterprises, b, affect adversely the survival of business units as independent competitive enterprises, c, tend to increase the concentration of business volume in given fields in the hands of dominant concerns.

6. What further comment, not elicited by any of the foregoing questions, would you care to make, as to what changes in any federal laws, policies, or practices might serve more effectively to promote competition in business?

ences and revealing the dollars-and-cents factors involved. He feels that this will have a profound effect on Chinese-Americans throughout the country by getting them out of their various "Chinatown" eddies and into the main currents of everyday American life.

Meanwhile, he is working on plans that seem destined to bring added glamour to the laundromat and make his own name a byword wherever people gather to wash clothes. These plans include machines for baby clothes exclusively, installing television, inaugurating a delivery service, having regular bluing and tinting machines and scheduling demonstration periods.

He's also thinking of getting department stores, supermarkets, movie theaters and restaurants to install laundromat departments.

He wants to build up the laundromat so that it will become a center of cultural and social life in every community.

This he hopes to do by having lectures, vaudeville shows, art exhibits, tea parties, fashion shows and also regularly scheduled Men's Evenings, during which time the husbands will bring the laundry and suitable masculine entertainment will be provided.

Already, he has a pretty good mental picture of the laundromat of the not-too-distant future. It will be a place where you'll be able to see a movie, discover a deserving young artist, meet your friends, eat a steak, watch a trapeze artist perform, get a preview of the latest Paris fashions, have your suit pressed and learn all about the love life of the Caribbean conch—all while having your laundry done.

And, certainly if Professor Pan has anything to say about it, there will be a Chinese laundryman proudly presiding over all these activities.



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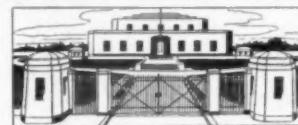
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Broken Lives and Dollar Patches

(Continued from page 48) landed in juvenile court. Meanwhile Mr. B., a World War I veteran, and suspected of having tuberculosis, was involved with two other agencies—the Veterans Administration and the Health Department.

Trying to do the best he could for his girls in the face of his wife's irrational demands and tantrums, he became worn down to the point where he was physically and emotionally unemployable. The disturbing mother wasn't in the province of the court, the schools, the Veterans Administration or the public health nurse, so no one worked on her. With hindsight it's easy to see that the B. family might have stayed off the relief rolls if Mrs. B. had had successful treatment for her maladjustment or, had that been impossible, the children had been placed in a foster home.

Sometimes the want of a stitch

in time causes holes in the community's purse for generations. Mr. R. was an alcoholic, Mrs. R. a slattern; they were in trouble constantly, and known to the police as well as family service agencies. Their daughter was at first not sent to school at all, then a few years after the truant officer had caught up with her, was excluded from school because she wasn't learning anything. At 15 she married a man of 30 who deserted her after she had borne him four children. Her housekeeping methods were, if anything, worse than her mother's. She slept until 11 every morning, forgot to give the children meals, never washed them or their clothes. The community noticed her again after her oldest child, seven, walked into school and said, "The other kids my age go to school, and I think I should too—what do I do?"

Told to bring a birth certificate, the youngster arrived next day with an unpaid gas bill crumpled

in her hand. That led a visiting teacher to the shack where the family lived under such appalling conditions that a policewoman was brought into the picture. The mother was hauled into court for neglect and later received an intelligence test. Her mental age, it was found, was that of a child of six; though she loved the children dearly, she was as incapable of caring for them as she was of earning a living. Now still another agency became involved; the family went on relief.

They'll live, but little has been solved. Though the two oldest children have normal intelligence, their future under such conditions doesn't look hopeful and a third generation may be needing community services. Yet the situation could have been avoided if, back in the time when Mr. and Mrs. R. were known to agencies, their child had been tested and placed in the state institution for the feeble-minded.

In the field of health, it is even more evident that much dependency could be prevented. The St. Paul study showed that there were chronic handicaps in one fourth of the "problem" families, chronic diseases in more than one third.

Medicine still is far from knowing everything about correction of handicaps or prevention of chronic illness but at any rate, if everything that is known were applied, fewer people would be permanently incapacitated. Sometimes, penny-pinching grants for public assistance—nowhere do relief allowances come anywhere near the generally accepted minimum standard of living—actually prolong the need for relief.

There is, for instance, a family in which the father has tuberculosis. He and three of the eight children need to be on a special diet which is impossible on the amount the family is allowed for food. In the long run, it may cost the community more for health services than it would to build the father up so he can earn again and prevent the youngsters from contracting the same disease as he has.

Poor housing likewise causes and prolongs the ill health that in turn causes unemployability; there is a well known relationship between dampness, poor ventilation, lack of sanitation and many diseases. Less obvious, but just as real, is the relation between good housing and rehabilitation. Mr. A., when he had to go on relief, was even lower in mind than in body. He had always been self-respecting and self-supporting until he was crippled in an

Red Cross Campaign

GENERAL George C. Marshall, new Red Cross president, has announced \$67,000,000 as the Red Cross fund campaign objective for 1950. The campaign dates are March 1 to 31.

In announcing the goal for the campaign, General Marshall pointed out that the estimated cost of the Red Cross program for the 1950-51 fiscal year actually totals \$79,000,000. Its request has been held down to \$67,000,000 by economies and the application of \$12,000,000 from surpluses.

"Lower operating budgets," the general said, "will not affect the essential services of the Red Cross. In fact, some of them will be increased by wider use of trained volunteers."

"To carry out its responsibilities, it is essential that the Red Cross raise the necessary funds. The organization must continue its traditional services to the nation, to the armed forces, and to veterans. And it must continue to develop its volunteer program for greater community service."

Last year, General Marshall

pointed out, the Red Cross spent more than \$35,000,000 for its services to the armed forces and veterans alone, half of it in a



nationally financed program. The Red Cross must continue these vital morale and welfare services.

Last year the organization assisted in 330 disaster relief operations, the highest number in any one year of Red Cross history. The Red Cross must remain ready to move quickly and efficiently when disaster strikes.



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accident. First all the bonds, then the savings account, then insurance was used up. The A's moved out of their comfortable house into a slum where rats ran back and forth across the dirt floor, the room in which he lay bedridden had no windows, and an outside toilet was shared by many families. Mr. A. became so depressed it was some time before he could even be induced to wear braces. But when the family moved into a housing project, his whole outlook on life changed.

He dragged himself about to paint the kitchen, made orange crate furniture for the children. From being up part of the day, he stayed up all the time. As I write, he is completing his training as a tailor and by the time you read this will be off relief.

The complex of ill health, maladjustment, and poverty that puts families on the relief rolls has no simple solution. It may require early discovery, care and treatment, vocational rehabilitation, long-term planning, or all of these. That is why those who deal with people should be well qualified. It is preposterous, in the \$2,000,000,-000 business of giving public assistance, that only two per cent of the caseworkers should be graduates of schools of social work, and that administrators so often are untrained political appointees.

But even if everyone responsible

for granting public assistance were professionally tops, we'd still be handing out money when funds alone don't solve anything if we don't coordinate services with the family as the focus. When different agencies, each well meaning and competent along its own lines, work at cross purposes they can make a bad over-all situation worse.

There are, for instance, the still unsatisfactory conditions in the home of Mrs. G., a widow disabled by multiple sclerosis, even though four agencies, each by its own lights, have been trying to help. The social service department of the hospital where Mrs. G. had been treated did a fine job of teaching her how to take care of herself; but the better care she takes of herself, the heavier the burdens that fall on her eight-year-old, who does all the marketing and housework, and also takes care of her three younger brothers and sisters.

Aghast at the life the youngster was leading, the public welfare department caseworker who saw that the G's got the money on which to live wanted the children put in boarding care. But the court, protecting a loving mother's right to keep her children with her, would not hear of that. A family service agency now made a stab at finding a solution by sending in a visiting housekeeper. But the mother, un-



helped in making the adjustment to having a stranger take over, could not get along with the housekeeper and the agency withdrew her.

Situations like this make it apparent that nothing is really, as it is generally assumed, a "health department" problem or a "court" problem or a "school" problem or a problem of "the child."

Everything boils down to a family problem. For with all the talk about the disintegration of the family it remains the greatest force in anyone's life and the ups and downs of one member affect all the others.

But how, with our present setup of specialized agencies, can we get them to converge their services on the family and do away with the present piecemeal attack on individuals' problems? By having in each community, experts at the St. Paul conference recommended, a central place for diagnosis of family situations.

Through it, as through your family physician you are referred to specialists; the various agencies could channel their services to forestall, relieve, or end a great deal of grief!

IT WILL be easy enough to measure the success of a preventive program for human welfare, by taking an annual count of what social workers call "breakdowns"—that is, something going wrong in a family, like mental illness, lack of money, someone's going to jail, or the home's breaking up. In business you know whether your efforts are getting results, and in the same way those who run services can be held to account.

In the long run your community may spend less money under such a system, but again it may not, for sometimes it pays to expand. At any rate, whether or not it ultimately cuts down your taxes or the need for your contributions to the community chest, you can be sure of better value for the money.

Community Research Associates in New York City stand ready to help any community size up the effectiveness and efficiency of its services, to suggest means of putting them on a basis where they can best work together. It will come into your own community and study that—at rates from \$500-\$1,000 for a one-man study of a small community to \$25,000 with a dozen people involved for a survey of a large city. Or, it will act as a consultant, showing you how you can carry out the mechanics of a survey with local volunteers and

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then helping you with interpretations of your findings and what to do about them.

As a taxpayer and a contributor to community chest, you have a stake in a \$13,000,000,000 outlay in health, recreation and welfare. It represents the sixth largest amount of money spent annually in the United States, being topped only by the expenditures for food, clothing, transportation, housing,

and national defense. Because of its obsolete departmentalization it isn't paying off as it should.

Of course your community's agencies may be an exception, with their services so well mobilized and coordinated that not a single family now carried as a community burden could be, or could ever have been, on its own feet. But you'll never know, until you get the facts.

Shoemaker from Harvard



GEORGE OWEN, JR., an all-American-backfield man at Harvard a generation ago, has turned shoemaker. The man who used to give his all for the Crimson now gives his awl for guys like Joe Di Maggio. It is not improbable that Owen helped win the World Series for the New York Yankees last season.

Head of the George Owen Company, Inc., of Boston, makers and distributors of special athletic footwear, he was approached midway in the season by a dealer to design a shoe for Di Maggio's injured right heel. Collaborating with his partner, Jerome Rubico, he created a shoe which so delighted the Yankee star that he wanted to wear it the afternoon it was shown him. After a slight realignment of the spikes, Joe had no further trouble with his ailing foot.

Owen bought control of the George Lapham outfit, an old shoe repair company in Boston, in 1945. The firm had been in existence since 1890. And, because he wanted to learn the profession from the ground up, he actually has taken his whacks at mastering the trade.

"If you don't know how yourself, you don't know the problems," observes Owen.

Now 48, he was a three-letter man at Harvard in 1921, 1922 and 1923. Owen later performed with the Boston Bruins' professional hockey club from 1929 to 1933.

After quitting pro hockey, he coached the sport at M.I.T. for a

while. Variously thereafter he engaged in the brokerage, factoring and tool company businesses. While with a tool company he was placed in charge of a new pressing machine for shoe repairing. Owen determined to ferret out its secrets—and the next thing you know he was in the business.

He has advanced theories about custom-built shoes for athletes. He thinks that more of them should be used by baseball players and that the field in hockey and fancy skating scarcely has been touched.

"The legs go first in an athlete," says Owen, "and many of the athletes would last longer if their shoes worked for them, instead of their working for the shoes."

His own broad experience as an athlete enables him to correctly size up many athletic foot problems.

Bob Fitzgerald, Boston College baseball player, had his heel shot off during the war. Owen fixed him up and he became the fastest man on the B.C. nine. Veteran Johnny Crawford of the Boston Bruins gained new vigor after an Owen shoe had been adapted for him.

The Owen shoes sell for \$25 and up for a job like Di Maggio's, go higher for hockey and fancy skating. However, the company also carries shoes which are in the popular range.

"Fundamentally," says Owen, "we're trying to progress foot by foot."

—PAUL GARDNER



From Nation's Business
U. S. Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Washington, D. C.

Release -- April 1

The Press Agents you pay for!) ISPT f.f.

Five Federal agents plug Federal housing.

Federal Security bureaus spent more than \$20,000,000 in the past ten years, propagandizing socialized medicine.

One government department's 1948 press releases and publications would make a stack 52 feet high. Another's publications fill seven four-drawer file cabinets.

The Administration maintains eighteen public information departments, with a budget of \$13,000,000 for salaries, \$45,000,000 for printing, and using \$42,000,000 in postal service to sell the welfare state to the American people!

"The greatest pressure (on Congress) is from groups within the government," said Representative Homer A. Ramsey recently in a House debate.

"Socialism's \$100,000,000" by Representative John M. Vorys...in the April issue of Nation's Business...is must reading for every business man! (end)



Mother Nature's Balancing Act

(Continued from page 42) plague from which his country may not recover for centuries. Within six years, Austin, apparently aware of his error, had killed 20,000 rabbits, but estimated that there were 10,000 left. They spread rapidly throughout southern Australia, depleting pasture land, ringing small trees and paving the way for wind erosion. Not only are large sums being spent on fences and poisons, but it is said that five rabbits take the feed of one sheep. The ranges of New South Wales, it is estimated, would carry 12,000,000 more sheep if only that ship bearing Austin's rabbits had never sailed.

Many animals which win praise at home become victims of critical newspaper editorials when they emigrate. The brown Norway rat is given important credit by Charles S. Elton, the British ecologist, for aid in stamping out bubonic plague in England. Living mainly in sewers, the Norway rat drove out the black rat which lived in houses where his fleas spread the disease to man. But when the Norway rat went to Cuba on ships, he multiplied rapidly and became a great pest. To curb him, the Cubans introduced the mongoose, immortalized by Kipling as a foe of the cobra. The mongoose did his job thoroughly and then went on to raise havoc with ground-nesting birds, which were not mentioned in the contract.

Brought also to Jamaica to kill rats, the mongoose cleaned them up and went on to devour young pigs, kids, lambs, kittens, puppies, bananas, corn, birds of many kinds and harmless lizards and snakes. So a campaign got under way against the mongoose.

Man also interferes with the natural balance by destroying valuable animals because of prejudice or misinformation. For some reason, boys with their .22's and their fathers with their shotguns always are blazing away at flesh-eating animals with the mistaken notion that they are public enemies. Skunks, hawks and snakes are favorite victims, the first two because they sometimes get away with a few chickens, and the snake be-

cause of the highly publicized homicides of a few bad actors.

The skunk devours large quantities of grasshoppers, cutworms, weevils, white grubs and mice, thus preserving vegetation. He also supplements his diet with fledgling birds, but there's no use getting excited about that, because most birds are taken by other predators, or die from heat, storms, cold or food shortage. Nature produces far more of everything than she needs, and apparently is interested only in the preservation of the species, depending upon predators and other limiting factors to keep any species from getting out of hand.

In at least one case the wholesale slaughter of skunks brought about the virtual extermination of wild ducks. A big marshy area in northern New York was a duck-shooter's paradise until skunk fur became fashionable and trappers moved in. Skunks had been eating the eggs of snapping turtles. This

states Richard Pough of the American Museum of Natural History. In any given region of the United States there may be from 15 to 24 species of hawks, while only three species—the goshawk, the Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk—live largely on birds. After a study, Pennsylvania passed a law protecting all but these three types. The bird eaters have long tails and short, blunt wings. They seldom sail or soar, but perch under cover and pounce on their prey. Hawks which habitually soar in graceful circles live largely on rodents, and are an economic asset.

The snake, which arouses in many people a savage desire to kill, plays an important part in Nature's design for keeping rodents from overrunning the earth. Clifford H. Pope, noted herpetologist, tells farmers that killing bull snakes, the foe of the pocket gopher, is like tearing up \$5 bills. Out of some 150 types of snakes in the United States, only four are poisonous: the rattler, the copperhead, the water moccasin and the coral snake, and even they destroy great numbers of rodents. Even

in India, where there are many deaths from cobra bites, the destruction of all cobras might easily cause many more deaths by permitting an increase of disease-spreading rats.

As a general rule, no small carnivorous animal should be killed unless he directly menaces man or his livestock, for he plays an important role in the complicated economy by which man lives. Man exists on the surplus vegetation which remains after storm, drought, disease, insects and the small herbivora have taken their toll, and without flesh eaters to curb the plant eaters, they would multiply to the point where human existence would be jeopardized.

As for haphazard introduction of animals, birds or plants into countries where they may not fit, the world should have learned its lesson. Clarence Cotnam, assistant director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, proposes that each nation establish a board of competent biologists to rule on all importations or exportations of plant and animal life.

Only by studying Nature's highly involved economic system and trying to follow the rules can man stave off far-reaching biological disaster.



check removed, the turtles hatched in such great numbers that they ran short of food and ate up the young ducklings. After a time, the price of pelts went down, skunks increased, skunks ate turtle eggs, turtles stopped eating ducklings, and once more the swamp was alive with ducks.

The appearance of a hawk—any kind—near a farm which has chickens is usually enough to bring the shotgun down off the antlers. He is usually no cause for alarm,

A Salesman is Persistent

(Continued from page 36)
we've got to be mighty good friends, but dang it all, I got to get it through your head that I don't necessarily buy nothing off my friends.

"You can call here once a week if you want—I never throw a salesman out. But it won't do any good. The way I look at it, everybody's got to make a living, but not off me."

Well, sir, it went on like that from there and McNash and Frisbie played checkers darned near every night at The Haywood House—except on Sundays, of course, and on Tuesdays they played later on account of the Scout meeting. Joe McNash had got to be Scout Master and everybody admired him for it because he had to learn all the stuff he taught us kids and I don't think he had much knack for it, at the start anyhow, and on the hikes he would puff an awful lot.

He kept right on after Frisbie as a customer and it got to be quite a town joke. One night at checkers McNash said, "I took you tonight just like I'm going to take that order Monday morning." And old man Frisbie said, joking, too: "Joe, the only way you could ever get me to take any of that line of yours would be to take it out on an embalming bill—and then you couldn't send in the order, so where'd you be?"

THEY say that was four or five years before Joe finally checked out of The Haywood House—four or five years before that night of February 12, 1932 (Frisbie claimed it was) when he went in and asked, "Where's Joe tonight?"

Ed looked at him kind of funny and said, "Checked out—about five o'clock."

"Checked out?" repeated Frisbie. "Didn't he leave any message for me or anything?"

"Well, yes, he did," Ed said, and he pushed something across the counter.

It was an order blank for old man Frisbie's signature, with items right out of the catalog of the Twentieth Century Kitchen Furniture Manufacturing Company, totaling something more than \$300.

Old man Frisbie looked at Ed across the register. "That danged slicker. Does he think for a minute he can put one over on me like

this? Does he think I'm going to sign this thing?"

"Looks to me like he's got you," Ed Bardeen said. "Don't you remember four, five years ago you and him were sitting there at the checkers table and you said the only way he'd sell you an order was for you to take in some kitchen furniture on an embalming bill?"

"Well, maybe I did," Frisbie said, "but—" His voice failed him and he coughed and blew his nose.

Ed pushed something else across the counter. It was a statement rendered to the heirs of Joseph P. McNash for services in connection with his burial, the body to be shipped to Aurora. Pinned to it were \$350 in bills.

"He was sitting in the lobby waiting for you," Ed said, "and about four-thirty he didn't feel so good and he had me help him up to his room and we got out the catalog and the order blank and began writing. He said there wasn't a thing in the list you'd ever get stuck on. He kind of laughed when he pulled out that blank billhead of yours. He said you'd be awful mad at his stealing it, but that maybe under the circumstances you'd forgive him. Then he paid his hotel bill including tomorrow because he said he hadn't checked out at three so there was another day to pay for. I was coming downstairs to phone Doc Pryor when I heard him slump on the floor."

"The danged slicker," Frisbie said. But he took the hotel pen out of its potato and signed the order and folded it up and put it into the printed self-addressed envelope. "Give me a stamp for this," he told Ed Bardeen. "I got to send it in to his company."

Then he folded up the bills and put them into a hotel envelope and wrote something on it and told Ed to put it into the safe for the night. That was the money that was used to build the Joe P. McNash Cabin up at the foot of Bear Mountain for the Scout troop.

They tell me it's still there and in good shape. The boys take mighty good care of it because old man Frisbie, the new Scout master, goes up and inspects it once a year. He says he goes up there every year on February 12 because it's Washington's Birthday. But everybody knows better. It's the day Joe checked out of The Haywood House.

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"That Stuff" Called Culture

(Continued from page 33)
New York, the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

"Your Helen Traubel is the greatest woman singer of our day," a Frenchman told me in Paris last summer. "I've just read her life story . . . it's unbelievable, but I hear it is the truth—Traubel never studied singing anywhere else but in her home town, St. Louis. That a voice like Traubel's could be trained there is the greatest thing I ever heard about America."

A woman painter friend of ours from Amsterdam had come for a visit to America recently. She was a conscientious sort of person, who went to see all the art galleries on New York's Fifty-seventh Street. She visited almost all the important museums in the country. She had been to a number of art schools, too, those connected with the museums as well as to the famous Art Students League and the Cooper Union School, both in New York. She was overwhelmed by the first-rate talent among the young painter generation of this country.

She admired the work Associated American Artists are doing in disseminating genuine works of art via their artistic mail order house that offers to their 300,000 subscribers original paintings and etchings by outstanding painters like Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton and Adolf Dehn, and sculptures by such American geniuses as Jo Davidson. But what really surprised her were drawings and paintings by some grade-school children in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"I could hardly believe it," she admitted openly with the frankness characteristic of the Dutch. "Our children have an opportunity to see the greatest paintings of the world practically before they learn to walk. They are taken first by their parents, and later, when of school age, by their teachers to the museums we have in every city. We Dutch use our museums more than any nation in the world. We consider them part of our lives—so I thought that our children get the feeling of painting more than the Poughkeepsie kids. I was wrong—and I admire America for it."

Despite such and similar evidences of sincere European recog-

nition I have found that many culture-conscious Americans have a decided inferiority complex and insist that we can never catch up with the Continent in matters artistic.

I bet that not one of these people knows how far back their country's cultural history reaches. Nor would they take the trouble to investigate. For it is much more "chi chi" to have a cultural inferiority complex these days than to know the date of the first public concert held in the United States (1731 in Boston) or the birth date of the first American composer, Francis Hopkinson (1737). Or that in Charleston, S. C., for instance, the musical season of 1765-66 was a particularly active one and so well-attended that announcing a concert of "vocal and instrumental musik," the management felt it necessary to issue the following warning in the advertisement:

"It is hoped no person will be so indiscreet as to attempt climbing

though fortunately the city's modern concert halls and a general low-price policy have eliminated the necessity for practicing such antics.

I wonder how many people know that about 3,000 places in the United States boast regular concert courses. Of these more than 2,000 have their musical season organized by one or the other of the two largest concert managements in the country: Columbia Concerts and National Concerts and Artists Corporation. Thanks to the long list of world-famous artists they have under their managements, these bureaus can offer four or five of their great stars—singers, pianists, violinists or cellists to every community in the course of a season, yet make it possible for the local organizer to keep the price of a season ticket as low as \$5 per person.

Up to a few short years ago music lovers in most of these places were satisfied merely to listen to such great artists as Lili Pons, Jascha Heifetz or Vladimir Horowitz in person. But lately in the wake of all this wonderful "imported" music, things have started to happen locally, too. To fill the gap between two concerts given by celebrated stars who arrived a few hours before their scheduled appearance and left immediately after, music lovers in many a town started organizing concerts with local talent to complement the major offerings. Many of these orchestras have turned semiprofessional, and a number have grown into full-fledged professional ensembles.

Many of these amateur symphony groups around the country were inspired by the Toscanini broadcasts with the NBC Symphony, or the weekly radio concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, as well as by excellent symphonic records.

My husband had the privilege of being the first professional artist to give a concert in the town of Beloit, Kan., (population about 4,000) six years ago. That practically every adult citizen of the community turned up at the recital pleased him very much. So did the fact that he has been reengaged to give consecutive concerts there.

But what gave him the feeling of true artistic fulfillment was to learn that after his first concert a collection was started by local



over the fence to the annoyance of the subscribers, as I give this public notice that I will prosecute any person so offending to the utmost rigour of the law."

While it is gratifying of course to find such evidence of musical life in America nearly 200 years back, I must confess that I am more interested in the musical activities of present-day Charleston. On our last trip there I found that the same spirit that made music lovers climb over the fences to eavesdrop on the classics still prevails, al-

civic leaders for a scholarship fund that would enable talented local youth to pursue their musical education and become professional artists if they wished. Today Beloit also has a community symphony orchestra, where the bank president blows his oboe next to the baker's horn and each obeys the instructions of Maestro Paul Bohning, the local music teacher.

Active participation is the key to the greater enjoyment and understanding of every form of art. I spoke recently to Pauline Koner, one of the outstanding modern American dancers. She said there was a great difference in people's attitude toward her art between now and ten years ago. "A decade ago audiences outside New York were perplexed . . . today, thanks to the extensive courses in modern dance in colleges throughout the country, I please my audiences rather than shock them."

One of the completely native art forms to emerge from our American culture, the so-called "modern" dance, has made considerable progress since its creator Isadora Duncan presented it to the world. Thanks to the inspired and unselfish efforts of Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Sophie Moslow, José Limón, Hanya Holm, Valerie Bettis and others, more and more people have begun to see that the directness, clarity and starkness of modern dance suits America, our life and times better than the ballet. Yet, it is only recently that this form of American art has come of age.

FOR the first time in its history, modern dance has been given an opportunity to be introduced to the general public. New York's enterprising City Center, having invited all important representatives of the American dance, announced last November the formation of a modern dance organization to be known as the New York City Dance Theater.

Just about the same time that modern dance received its first real boost, another perhaps even more delicate art—poetry—showed that, opportunity provided, it can almost become a commodity for mass consumption in America. At a recent lecture given at an adult education class at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., 600 people showed up to hear E. E. Cummings. Undoubtedly speaking from previous experience, the prominent American poet remarked, gazing out over the audience, "I expected 30 people at most. . . ."

Considered forbiddingly modern

by everybody except a small coterie, the "new school" of American poets led by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings and others has gained recognition gradually since their appearance before the first world war.

The fact that a number of such prominent American poets as T. S. Eliot have been living abroad for decades has made many Americans feel that their art, as well as that of their followers, has actually nothing to do with America. This despite the fact that outstanding critics of the field—both in Europe and America—seem to agree that with their hostility to the classic form, with their revolutionary attitude toward language and taste, these poets are distinctly the products of American culture.

ONE of the most typically American ways of poetry making was achieved during the war years by a young man called Karl Shapiro. The circumstances under which this boy from Baltimore wrote his by now world-famous 2,000 word poem, "Essay on Rime," helped more to tear down the wall between American audiences and American poets than anything that has happened in that field for many years.

Here was a 30 year old sergeant in the Medical Corps, completing his third year of active duty in the Pacific, and dashing off on the side an evaluation of modern poetry that was supposed to have required an ivory tower seclusion as well as a library of books to draw on.

When we pay homage to such phenomena as Karl Shapiro, when 600 people show up at a lecture on modern poetry, we can more or less take it for granted that most Americans have grown conscious of what their country has to offer them in home-grown culture.

I have always liked to watch people in various American cities stop on the street to take their strategic positions as "sidewalk superintendents" at the holes in the fence around a skyscraper in the making. Such pride do these people take in the erection of a giant structure and in the so typically American display of extraordinary inventiveness that goes into its creation, they forget about their rush. I am happy to see that the number of "sidewalk superintendents" in almost every other manifestation of American culture is growing steadily as more and more people take pride in what their country has to offer them in this respect, too.

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The College That's Tailor-made

(Continued from page 45)

junior college. He and Max Meyer hoped to raise \$25,000 through the voluntary commission which had backed the vocational high school, but before the meeting Meyer telephoned.

"We're shooting low," he said. "They'll give \$50,000."

The higher goal sent Dr. Ritter to the meeting a fiery crusader. His outline met with an immediate objection.

"Fifty thousand's not enough," they said. "Make it a hundred and we'll ask the city to match it."

On the spot they organized the Educational Foundation for the Apparel Industry. The state issued the charter, a striking clause of which was, "to bring the joint support of labor and industry to train talented youth as leaders of tomorrow." Never before had New York's Board of Education been approached by a group with cash in hand.

FIT was opened in 1944 with 100 students. Today 400 are enrolled and another 600 attend night college. New York City's half of the budget pays for a basic teaching staff and quarters in the Needle Trades High School. The Apparel Foundation supplies instructors, equipment and 100 maintenance scholarships of \$800 for the two-year course.

The foundation's funds are contributed by manufacturers and unions in the clothing, millinery, shoe, handbag and fur trades. The New York Times gives the proceeds of its annual fashion show and several retail stores donate scholarships. As the budget rose to \$350,000, the foundation continued to supply 50 per cent.

Students come from every state and a score of foreign countries. Entrance requirements are rigorous—a top high school record, leadership caliber, aptitude tests and searching interviews which disclose personality factors. Culling of applicants is ruthless since more apply than can be accepted. Tuition is free.

The course is heavy, 30 hours of classwork as compared with the usual 16 of universities. The college follows two main stems, design and scientific management. Accredited with the State University, general education must comprise one half the work; but these courses, related to the interests of

the school, are such as industrial psychology, economic practices and labor relations, and sociology as a study in human and community problems. Art museums serve as classrooms for the history of ornament and costume.

In such controversial studies as time and motion, both labor and management have an equal opportunity through lectures by their spokesmen. A graduate in scientific management becomes a better executive for knowing the two points of view.

Labor speaks of apparel's college as "our school," and so does management. It is neither. The son of a clothing manufacturer, registered in Columbia University, switched to FIT after a day's visit, graduated and entered his father's plant.

"That's the most expensive college I've heard of," his father reported later. "It's cost me \$39,000 so far. Nine thousand for a paint job instead of the old whitewash! I wanted to air condition the office but the boy said operators and pressers needed it more than I did. Another \$30,000!"

He smiled proudly. "But how it raised production! It took the boy to show me what whitewash was costing in eye strain, jangled nerves and labor turnover."

AN important lifeline between the college and the industry are the extension courses. These are free. The only requirement is a job

in the apparel trades and an employer's recommendation. Often the initial request is made by a manufacturer who sees a potential minor executive in a good workman.

Sometimes labor or management, often both, send distress calls for executives or workers for a particular branch of the industry. One such crisis was in women's handbags. Formerly these were imported or made here by craftsmen trained in Europe. The war stopped imports, aged craftsmen retired or died, and 50,000,000 American women wanted handbags.

"A nation that built the Empire State Building and the Golden Gate Bridge ought to be able to make handbags!" exclaimed Max Berkowitz, director of the National Authority for the Ladies Handbag Industry. "We've got plenty of talent in this country. We've got bag operators. What we need are designers, patternmakers and foremen to head up manufacture. Our job is to learn how to make good bags in mass production, not in the European manner where a master mechanic, helped by his wife, his sister and maybe his mother, turned out a dozen bags a week."

The National Authority gave \$25,000 to FIT for machines, materials and courses in design, patternmaking and construction. Students were drawn to a promising new industry. Bag operators were enrolled in evening extension courses, and soon fresh handbag makers were filling depleted ranks. Operators had jobs as foremen. One operator with an unsuspected



creative flair became a successful designer earning \$125 a week. A scientific management graduate became a plant manager. A veteran, a student in shoe design, made a good income for his wife and baby selling ideas for handbags. Two girls from apparel courses have gone into partnership as a handbag firm. Their assets are materials, a free corner in the factory of a friend, approval of their first samples by fashion magazines and a willingness to work.

THE popularity of mink exhausted the supply of skilled operators and fur houses had difficulty in filling orders while long-fur craftsmen were idle. An operator could not learn flat-fur technique without mink to practice on, and no furrier could afford a green hand on precious pelts. This apparently insoluble situation was laid on FIT's doorstep and a call for pelts went out. Associations of mink ranchers gave the skins, casualties of experimental mutation breeding. Ranchers were delighted that a waste product served to train future operators. The pelts, unmarketable because of color, had mink texture. Manufacturers donated fur machines. Labor sent skilled workmen as teachers. The happiest graduate of the first class was a man of 60 who had handled Persian lamb all his life.

A requirement for a FIT diploma is ten weeks of job training, a co-operative work-study program. Usually the job is as a minor executive or in a project of design. This actual employment allows more than a trying out of new wings. A co-op can evaluate himself against other wage earners. Co-ops have a waiting list of employers. A manufacturer in Maryland came to New York to engage one, interviewed three. "They're all so good, I can't decide which boy to take," he said.

Their stories are as incredible as fairy tales, especially those of the young scientific managers in apparel plants, that grew up like Topsy, with a new line added wherever floor space permitted. Often garments which should move a few feet traveled all over a shop. A young co-op student raised production in an overall plant 100 dozen pairs a day because FIT had taught him facts the manufacturer did not know.

Another co-op changed the layout of a coat and suit plant in Pennsylvania and so delighted the owner, he engaged the boy when he graduated at \$7,000 a year to lay

out a new factory. He then hired three more graduates for his other plants and entered his son in FIT.

One boy, 20, went to work for a man's clothing firm as co-op, became chummy with the owner and discovered the man had decided to retire. He could afford to, and for him new methods, technological changes and labor friction made business not worth the battle. The youth drew up plans, suggested alterations and new products, and so fired the manufacturer he decided to continue, with the newcomer taking over as production head. That firm, with 60 employees, would not be in existence today if an older man had not been moved "to give the boy his chance."

The extent of the sponsor's investment in youth cannot be appraised. Cost of scholarships, instructors and equipment is ascertainable, but gifts of tools, machinery, enormous yardage of new textiles sent by the makers that students may learn the possibilities of materials they will handle—these totaling thousands of dollars can only be approximated.

Time and effort donated by fashion world leaders is an intangible. Established experts give lecture demonstrations in production, marketing and publicity. Irene, Sally Victor, Sophie, Erik Braagard, Pauline Trigere, every noted creator, goes to FIT with advice and inspiration for its students.

"How are you going to put a dollar value on something like that?" demanded Morris Haft.

One can't, and how can anyone know what this common endeavor of management and labor has accomplished in a world of power groups and inflexible demands? But here two forces have shown they can work together for the common good of an industry.

THIS partnership has now been extended to include the State of New York. A new law was necessary to include FIT in the State University without affecting the charter or operation, and it has been passed. In December, 1949, an agreement was reached whereby state funds will match one half the joint contributions of labor, management and the city of New York, and will add \$175,000 to the present budget. An immediate result, after final enactment, will be an expansion of enrollment in day and evening courses. Trustees are dreaming of a four-year college course and a new FIT \$5,000,000 building. This is a long way from the ideas of a boy cutting undercollars for men's suits.

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Justice Opens Her Doors

(Continued from page 30)

He would next explain how the lawyer reference system works. In Philadelphia, as in all cities with such plans, a panel of lawyers has been selected. They may not be the outstanding leaders of the bar. A good many of them are younger men. But they are thoroughly experienced, often specialists in particular branches of the law, and their integrity is unquestioned.

In Philadelphia these lawyers agree to give the client an initial half-hour interview for \$5. If Miss Smith chooses to use the service, and if the lawyer selected agrees that she is entitled to damages because of her accident, the ultimate fee will be decided between her and the attorney. In due course he will report back on the disposition of the case and how much was charged for the service rendered.

A nation-wide survey of the referral plans currently operating, recently completed by Charles O. Porter of Boston, has disclosed that in many instances no fee at all is collected. Often the referral lawyer believes that the client has no real cause for action, or cannot win, and the \$5 for the initial half-hour interview ends the matter. Where fees are charged, they are surprisingly low. In Philadelphia, in 1,000 cases, the average was \$21.49. Here are some other averages: New York, \$35; Rochester, \$29.23; Cincinnati, about \$40.

Such payments are typical of the plan which appears to operate to the satisfaction of those who use it. Cincinnati has not had a complaint over fees, Philadelphia only one and that due to a misunderstanding between lawyer and client.

One reason that many stay away from lawyers is their exaggerated notions about legal fees. A second survey, undertaken by the sociologist, Earl Lomon Koos, proves that most people think lawyers will charge far more than \$20 to \$40. Nearly half of 2,000 working-class families questioned by Koos said they couldn't afford a lawyer because his bill would be \$50 or more. A middle-class sample put the probable fee at \$75. Twenty per cent of a similar middle-class group said they got their legal advice from nonlawyers. A proportion of them reported that they went to the leaders of their local political machines when they needed such guidance.

They receive dubious legal help from such sources, of course. One problem, as yet largely unanswered, is how the fine work of the referral systems can be called to the attention of a much larger number of people. The legal code of ethics specifies that lawyers must not advertise. In a number of cities—Baltimore, Bridgeport, Buffalo, St. Paul and San Francisco are among them—little or nothing is done to publicize the systems. Many attorneys disagree with this conservative view. It is the service, not individual lawyers, toward which publicity is directed. Philadelphia is one of the few cities where the referral plan is properly advertised, through radio programs and other media.

Even in Philadelphia, however, the needs of the professional man with a modest income have not yet been met. The school or college teacher, the scientist and the doctor are still, it would seem, quite ignorant of the Lawyer Reference Service. So is the small business man.

Johnson, the attorney in charge of the office there, permitted me to sit in on some of his interviews with prospective clients after I had promised that I would not reveal their names. He showed me statistics on the 18 months of operation. The largest number of patrons, almost 25 per cent of the 4,754, had

ably be met in full by the \$1 registration fees and \$5 dues annually paid by the 672 lawyers on the panel. Yet it appeared quite clear, as I sat in Johnson's office, that most of the clients were from the lower rather than the middle or upper-middle income groups. This will unquestionably change as the service gets better known.

The legal troubles of the people who use the service are infinite in their variety. In a number of cases, they have not consulted a lawyer in time. They've signed a lease or a contract has been executed, and it is too late to do much about it. A waiter, for example, told his unhappy story of a house recently purchased. Termites infested the kitchen floor. The plumbing did not work. But he had signed a sales agreement which stated, in small type, that he accepted the house as it was. He was told that he would have to make the repairs at his own expense.

Several months earlier an equally distressing case had come to the attention of the reference service. Two young men, both working for wages, had decided to go into business for themselves by combining their savings in order to rent and equip a roadhouse on the city's outskirts. They made their plans with care and had been certain that they had thought of every contingency. Both were well known and popular; soon their little place was doing an excellent business. But one night it burned to the ground.

This was a blow, but they were not dismayed. Insurance would enable them to buy new fixtures and rent some other place. As they looked at the ruins, they congratulated themselves on their sagacity in having insisted on a clause in the lease which did not require them to restore the building in the event of fire or other damage. Disillusionment came swiftly, though. They had not realized that they would be forced to pay the rent for the full term of the lease—four years. So the boys went sadly back to their old jobs.

The Philadelphia service accepts no criminal cases, but just about every other kind of legal tangle has come to room 601. Tax disputes, sales contracts, debt collections, war claims and landlord-tenant disagreements are among the most numerous. Included in the problems of the nearly 5,000 clients were property damage claims, workmen's compensation and estate cases. A handful of potential libel and slander actions also have been heard. These have

Any large extension of the government into business affairs—no matter what the pretense and no matter how the extension is labeled—will be bound to promote waste and put a curb on our prosperity and progress.

—Thomas A. Edison

been drawn to the service by radio and magazine publicity. The next largest, 997, had come because their friends had told them about it. Others were referred by the courts, by the Better Business Bureau and by social agencies.

A number came from the Legal Aid Society where they had been declared ineligible, because of their incomes, for free assistance. The reference system is not a charity nor is it subsidized. The Philadelphia Bar Association naturally makes up any small deficits, but this year the expenses will prob-

usually been neighborhood rows. The reference service usually is able to settle such cases without going into court.

Divorce and other family problems were on the minds of more than 1,000 clients. They included more than 300 divorce suits and a large number of child custody and adoption cases. Again, effort is made to adjust matters without litigation. An appreciable number of marriages are still in existence today because of the work of the service. Not infrequently, Philadelphians ask to see lawyers on the reference panel, rather than ones they may know, because absolute privacy is assured.

AS A matter of basic policy, though, the referral systems urge applicants to find a lawyer for themselves. This is because some established lawyers protested, when the systems were first under discussion, that such relatively cheap legal services would injure their own practices. If a potential client has an attorney whom he does not like, the referral office will, of course, suggest a substitute. I listened to a young carpenter who expressed apprehension that he was not receiving proper credit for the mortgage payments on his house.

"You have a lawyer?" he was asked.

"I had one," the carpenter said, "but I want a different one."

"What was the matter? Why don't you go to him now? He's familiar with your situation."

"All he did was send me bills."

So an attorney was selected from the panel. The statistics simply do not bear out the foreboding of members of the bar that the referral systems will drain away their business. Of the clients who have come to the Philadelphia City Hall, 75 per cent never had consulted a lawyer. Even early, bitter foes of the plan now admit that it does the reverse of what they feared. It develops new business. Many of the clients, young and on their way up in the world, will become exceedingly profitable in the future. Having used a lawyer once, to their profit, they will do so again.

Philadelphia is demonstrating in a second way that The Law can profit by dressing in ordinary clothes instead of a morning coat and striped pants. Eleven years ago certain lawyers of the old school in the Quaker City nearly dropped their brief cases in alarm over a proposal to establish the Neighborhood Law Office Plan in their city. Its purpose, like the later



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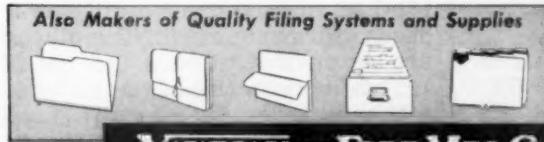
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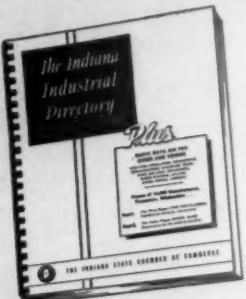
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referral plan, was to provide competent legal advice to people in the middle income groups. But instead of a central office and a panel of approved lawyers, small shops were to be set up in sections of the city where they were most needed. The offices were to be staffed by attorneys already in practice elsewhere in the city and open part time only.

The leading spirit in the project was Robert D. Abrahams of the Philadelphia bar. The idea, from the start, was that no subsidies were to be offered. The neighborhood offices were to pay their way despite the low fee of \$1, which is still the charge, for the first one-half hour's interview.

There are 12 of these offices in Philadelphia today, all of them profitable. They are located in busy shopping centers, some miles from the downtown area, usually on the ground floor so that they become familiar to people in the streets. In the waiting rooms are cards which post the fees for specific legal services, such as preparing a deed or drawing a will. The offices are simply furnished.

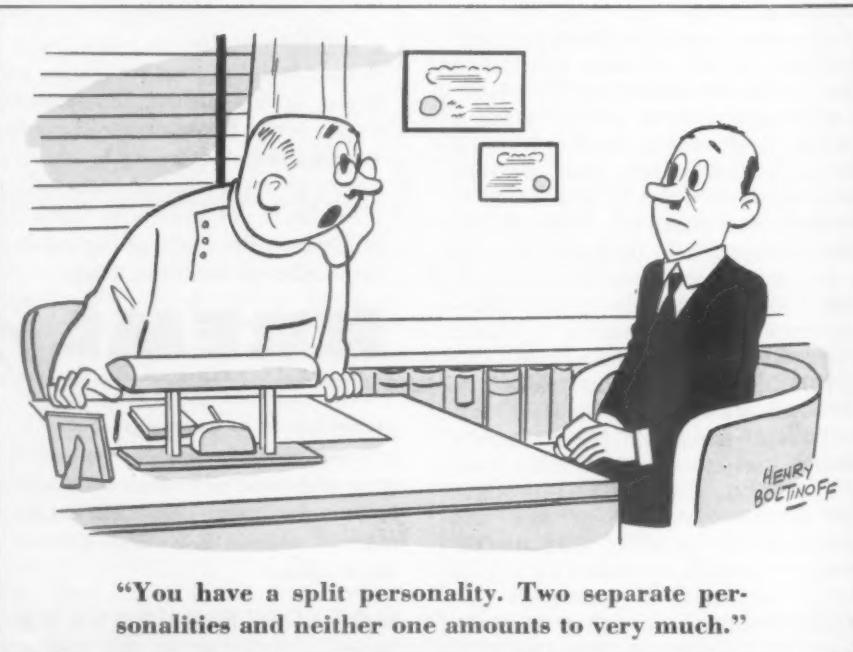
This is preventive law at its best. Although seven out of eight cases bring fees of \$5 or less, an occasional one pays off handsomely. Two partners in one office actually divided \$15,000 last year. Others earned \$5,000 and more. More important is the kind of legal service given to the clients, who number more than 4,000 a year at the 12 offices. Less than five per cent of the cases involve litigation at all and of these only two per cent actually go to court. Thus are congested calendars relieved and court costs eliminated.

No conflict is apparent in Philadelphia between the Lawyer Reference Service and the neighborhood offices. Nor is there, in other cities, friction between the bar and referral plans. Lawyers, like other professional men, face lean earnings for a number of years after getting their degrees. If they are competent and honest, the referral plans bring them clients. They do not have to hang around court rooms and political clubs or indulge in other dubious practices.

Every man, whatever his income, is entitled to the full protection of the law, and the first step toward that protection must be the availability of a good lawyer. In the December issue of the American Bar Association Journal, Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson of the Supreme Court observes that "the law office indeed is the vestibule to the courts."

"The bar," Mr. Justice Jackson notes, "is given a monopoly of rendering legal service. This puts it under a responsibility unlike that of traders. The profession conducts the baffled layman over the rough highway to justice, along which it maintains its own private toll gates. The layman often complains, and sometimes with reason, that the toll is higher than the journey is worth and that the cost of legal services places them beyond the reach of a large part of our people."

In 31 cities the bar is meeting its responsibility. Its members have made certain that the charges at the private toll gates are fair and that competent assistance along the highway to justice is assured to all men.





Far above Cayuga's waters
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Those Old Smells

PHOTO FROM
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

IF THERE is any one place where a skunk might be frustrated, it is in a small odor-tight room at Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y. There, in a glass-enclosed chamber, is the scene of serious research into the mysteries of odors.

Odor specialists explain that scientific research is just now catching up with the sense of smell and that work in this field is at least 100 years behind the times.

The reason for this neglect is the lack, until recently, of adequate research equipment where specialists could isolate themselves from dozens of distracting everyday smells. Another block to such study is that no one knows how the sense of smell works.

Now the Cornell workers, with the aid of their olfacto-rium (a room for smelling) expect to learn why we like or dislike certain odors. Their findings will have important applications for industry, medicine and the average citizen. Industrialists in particular are interested, since products manufactured for human consumption must please the sense of smell before they are widely accepted.

Already the researchers have shed light on certain time-worn beliefs. There is an old rumor that dark-skinned people have a stronger sense of smell than those with light complexions. "Not so," say the probers.

Thirty people described as "odor blind" were assembled. These people, who lack a true sense of smell, are

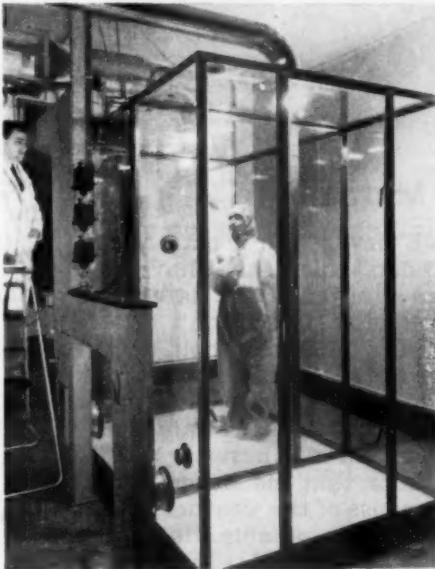
called anosmics. Some can detect only burned smells, others rancid and nutty odors, a third group can distinguish only the sweet or sour ones. From these findings the specialists believe that the three classifications may be the basic smells from which all odors are composed.

Within the smell-free chamber it becomes possible to distinguish between pure odors and those that are partly sensations.

The person undergoing the tests must first be deodorized. Then he dons a sterilized, odor-free, plastic bag which leaves only his face exposed and keeps in any odors given off by his body. After this he enters a small anteroom where his nostrils become attuned to the odorless air. And, finally, he enters the main part of the laboratory and the odor tests get under way.

The test odors usually are introduced into the current of air entering the chamber.

—GEORGE LAYCOCK



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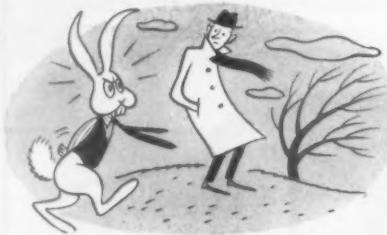
By My Way

By R. L. DUFFUS



We get counted

EVERY American who isn't persistently away from home when the census taker comes around this year is going to become a statistic—or part of one. I find this thrilling. My parentage, marital status, occupation and many other facts about me will have an influence on the volumes of tables and graphs that will emerge when the Census Bureau has run its cards through its tabulating machines. In this way the most obscure of us becomes, so to speak, a part of history. Our descendants will take down those musty volumes and there we, their forefathers, will be—not by name but in totals and percentages. I shall welcome the census taker cheerfully, and if he or she has a column for facts about cats and wants to put Petunia into it I'll be all the more cooperative—I'll let him or her interview our cherished pet to her or his heart's content.



The March hare

I HAVE never seen a mad March hare. I don't know that I have even seen an annoyed March hare. I had a rabbit once, but I don't believe that it was a March rabbit. To the best of my recollection, as I think the matter over, it was an August rabbit. But I suppose I can speculate about March hares. I lean to the opinion that the March hare is mad because of the weather, which in March is unreliable. He is mad because he can't plan ahead—he can't, for instance, decide to have a picnic on any day in March and feel sure it won't snow. He is mad because his feet hurt after hopping

around trying to pick up something to eat. He is mad because he has a cold in his head. He is mad because he figured it would be spring long before this, and it isn't. He is mad because he lives in New Jersey or Connecticut when he might as well have lived in Florida or California. Finally, he is mad because people expect him to be and he doesn't wish to disappoint them. If people expected me to be mad in March I would be, too.

The maple sugar season

VERMONT maple sugar (also made in New York, Ohio and Quebec) isn't what it used to be, either. There are no bits of bark in it nowadays, no ants and no beetles. You can't tell what farm it came from, as we pretty nearly used to be able to, by the quantity and kind of these extra ingredients, or by the color. But I don't complain. Maple sugar is still good, and I recommend maple sugar on snow for those who have snow and maple sugar and who don't mind losing a tooth or two or some fillings. The taste is worth the risk. And about now the new crop is coming in. I wish I were there to see—and smell—it.

Nature in Vermont

I WAS pleased to see my native town, Waterbury, Vt., mentioned in the newspapers. This was during an unseasonable winter warm spell and the people of Waterbury heard crickets singing and so reported. They are an enterprising lot, with a keen interest in natural phenomena. I'd be willing to bet they could produce apple blossoms in February or a blizzard in July if anybody told them they couldn't.

Magic of a title

IN BRITAIN under the present Labor Government—or, for that matter, any government—a poor young man can start life as an office boy and wind up as a lord, as

the King's honors list at the beginning of the year revealed. We Americans sacrificed all that in 1776. None of us can be called His Lordship. We can, however, be addressed as Judge, Colonel, Professor or Doc. We can, if we have held elective office, wear an "Hon." in front of our names. Our 48 states keep us fairly well supplied with governors, who are called such for life even after they leave office. These possible handles to one's name give a young man something to strive for, and they are probably worth just as much here as a title of nobility is worth in Britain. I believe I have mentioned the man in my Vermont town who was made a peace officer and who was heard, with his head in an empty barrel, trying out the sound of the magic words "Constable Jorkins." That is about the general idea, I should say. All we want is to stand out a little in a crowd.



Proverbs and predictions

A JURY of scientists, including, my newspaper says, a licensed meteorologist, has found that ancient and familiar proverbs dealing with the weather are more likely than not to be true. This doesn't astonish me so much as the persistence of proverbs—a minority, to be sure—that aren't true. There is no basis, for example, for the assumption that "when it thunders on the day of the moon's disappearance the crops will prosper and the market will be steady." Sunshine and shower on the same day do not mean another day of rain. It doesn't always rain 24 hours when the wind is from the east and the northwest wind doesn't always bring fair weather. Yet people go on saying these things.

I suspect the amateur weather prophets who rely on proverbs keep up their reputations and self-respect by forgetting the times when they are wrong. Then, of course, they beat the drum and toot the horn when they are right; the general public has a tendency to remember loud noises. And there is one prediction one can always make about weather in the so-called temperate zone: when it is

good it is bound sooner or later to get worse.

"The tramp unlocks," etc.

I WONDER why the human memory so often picks up things that can do its owner no possible good and drops those that might help him. I once knew the whole of "Kublai Khan"; now it is nearly all gone. But I can remember some lines I never meant to learn:

"The tramp unlocks
His box of sox,
To celebrate
The equinox."

I would willingly forget this verse. I would gladly swap it for the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." But I can't. I may sit down and learn or re-learn the Ode, but all the time I shall be wondering what on earth a tramp wants with sox in spring—and it is the vernal equinox, I am sure, that is indicated.

The package era

WHEN the age or generation in which we live gets its historical designation I think it may be known as the Package Era. The meatman used to come around with a cart and saw or slice off what each householder needed; now many butcher shops put their meat up in cellophane. Milk was once poured out of the milkman's big can (I did this and I know) into the customer's little pail; now it is in a sanitary, dated bottle. Quick-frozen fruits and vegetables are necessarily packaged. Butter is wrapped; a good many years ago country stores used to buy it in tubs and scoop out what a purchaser ordered. I can remember a careful old storekeeper who would run a long skewer into a tub of butter and then lick the skewer; this told him all he needed to know about that particular lot of butter. He grew quite plump and lived to a ripe old age.

I am not against packages—indeed, I am not against much of anything except sin. But before packages ran riot the way they do today there was romance in retail trade. I would like to see somebody wrap romance neatly in cellophane; I'd buy some.

Eternal undergraduate

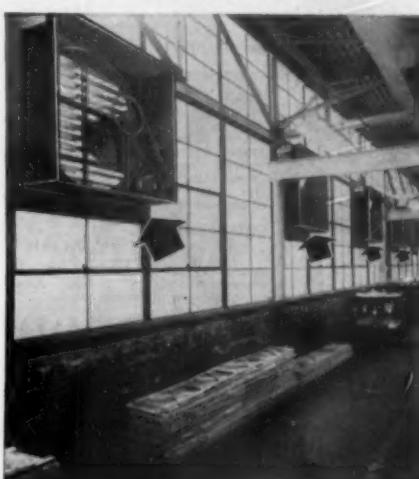
I SEE that there are now about 2,000,000 college students in the United States—which is a great many more than there used to be. But they seem to resemble their predecessors. The United Press quotes Dr. Albert I. Rabin of Michi-

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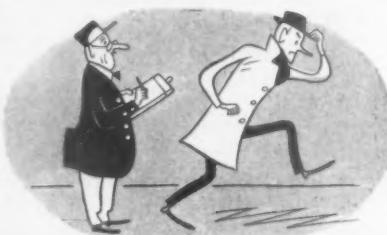


gan State College as saying that students are still "plagued by such ancient academic thorns as inability to concentrate, disinterest in studies, and pursuit of the opposite sex." I used to know boys (and girls, too) years and years ago who were bothered, if you could call it bother (I don't think it always was quite that), by those very things. And most of them got their degrees and lived law-abiding lives afterward.

of Connecticut, but I am keeping an eye on them. They can have all the newspapers they can eat but that is as far as I am willing to go in indulging them.

Schools go Hollywood

IN SOME schools in this country today arithmetic and other subjects are being taught with the aid of motion pictures. A Hollywood actor (I gather this bit of information from *The Wall Street Journal*) may not be a beautiful lady or a strong, silent man at all—he may be a set of fractions. If this goes on children will like to go to school. I am told that some already like it. In time they may even play hookey from the old swimming hole to put in extra hours at being educated. But I don't suppose their characters will be as strong as those of the old-fashioned variety of pupil, who didn't care for arithmetic but had to learn it, anyhow. And they won't have as good times, because how can you fully enjoy a vacation if you enjoy what you do at other seasons?



The virtue of patience

THE stationmaster admitted the train to the city was late. I asked, how late? The stationmaster gazed at me benignly over the top of his glasses. "To tell the truth," he said, "I didn't inquire about that. Suppose you knew just how late it was? That wouldn't bring it any sooner, would it?" I went out on the platform to cool off. I did cool off, too. We are all too much concerned about time; I know I am, because my wife tells me so. That stationmaster's spirit is not the kind that made this nation great. It is merely the spirit that has kept so many of us so easy in our minds so much of the time, between spells of making the nation great. Patience may not be a virtue in a locomotive engineer but it may be a virtue in a stationmaster, or in me, or, gentle reader, in you.

Bird trouble in Britain

AS THOUGH England didn't have enough other troubles, it has recently gone through an "extraordinary epidemic of paper tearing by birds." At least, the Associated Press, in a London dispatch, quotes Lieut. Col. W. M. Logan to this effect. The birds in question are small but energetic blue and yellow jobs described as cousins of the American chickadee. They enter houses, tear the wallpaper, attack leather photograph frames and rip clothes. They have also been known to take the tops off milk bottles and drink the milk, which seems more sensible. Colonel Logan is worried, and I think he has a right to be. So far I have noticed no signs of disaffection among the chickadees who flourish in my section



The Smithers tax plan

THE trouble with taxes is not that you have to pay them but that you have to figure them. So this year I am backing the Horace G. Smithers plan (so-called because it was invented by Smithers' maternal uncle, Silas M. Snodgrass), under which an individual's tax is an even percentage of his total income, the size of which is determined by a slip of paper drawn from a hat by a venerable and respected citizen of either major party who does not smoke or drink. To make the game more interesting there will be some blanks, the holders of which will not have to pay anything at all.

A plea for slower reading

THE publisher of a certain recent book told me I would find it hard to lay it down until I had finished it. This was true. I finished it in two readings, which worked out—and here is the catch—at \$1.50 a reading. Many of us cannot afford to read at this rate. It is cheaper to

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take a nap, play a game or even go to the movies. If I were a publisher I would say to my prospective clients: Here is a book you will want to loiter through, at a cost of maybe 15 cents a reading. It seems to me that the books I have enjoyed most and remembered longest I have read in that fashion, during many a winter evening and many a drowsy summer afternoon. In short, for reasons of pleasure as well as for reasons of economy, I am all for slow reading. For those who haven't tried it I advocate reading—or being read to—aloud. This is slower than reading with the eye. It is pleasanter. And it is cheaper, because the cost can be divided by two.

Good news is no news

WHEN I pick up my morning newspaper I am often discouraged to find that people have been committing crimes again or having accidents or otherwise getting into conspicuous trouble. But there is another side to the story. Trouble often makes news, whereas a mere absence of trouble does not. The population of the United States is now more than 150,000,000. The real news every morning is that all but a tiny fraction of these individuals have come through another day without, in any outstanding fashion, breaking a law or a leg.

Static from outer space

SOME of the noises our radios make didn't originate on earth at all and therefore cannot be blamed on the human race. (This should make everybody feel more friendly toward the human race.) They come, so say the experts, from outer space—possibly very outer space. Some day, no doubt, we shall be able to interpret them. Some day we shall know what kind of tooth paste the people of Mars use, the favorite cigarette on Venus and how the cold war on Saturn is going on. And some day the inhabitants of those distant worlds, if any, will pick up an American soap opera and wonder and wonder.

No buttons down back

I SUPPOSE men's clothes are in many ways foolish. Why should we have buttons on our sleeves? What is a lapel good for? Why do we wear coats in summer? But there is one thing to be said for men's good sense. No masculine garment intended for adult wear buttons down the back.



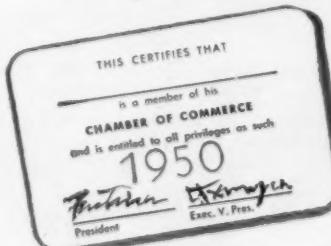
It's TIME someone did something about . . .

WE OUGHT to get more business into this town. Other places are bringing in new industries and new payrolls. Why can't we?

Sure, you can kick about business conditions. But you've got a better chance of getting action if you go to the right place. A membership in your chamber of commerce is the kicker's license that does the trick. You may not agree with everything the organization does, but, if your complaint is a sound one, you'll find plenty of support.

It is probable that your chamber is already doing something about getting new factories and businesses. If so, there's your chance to help shape the program the way you think it should be.

Basically, that's the way a chamber works. You're sure there should be more business in town. Another member thinks a civic center is badly needed. He helps you, you help him. And you, he and the community all benefit.



It's not always easy to solve every problem, but it is always easy to get help. All you need to do is be on the team. Ask your chamber of commerce executives for your kicker's license.

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